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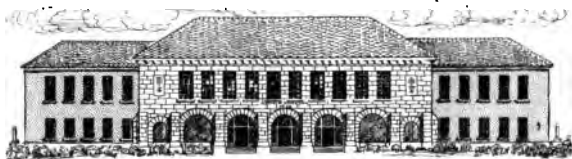


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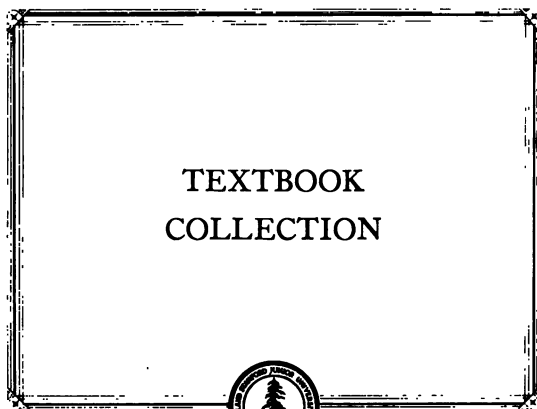
THE BROWNE READERS

BOOK FOUR





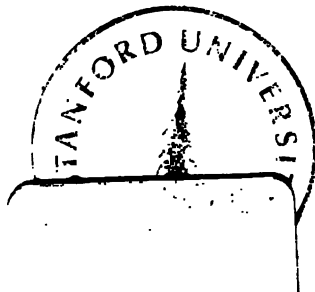
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THE BROWNE READERS

BOOK FOUR

SECOND YEAR - SECOND HALF

BY

RUBY WREDE BROWNE, M.A.

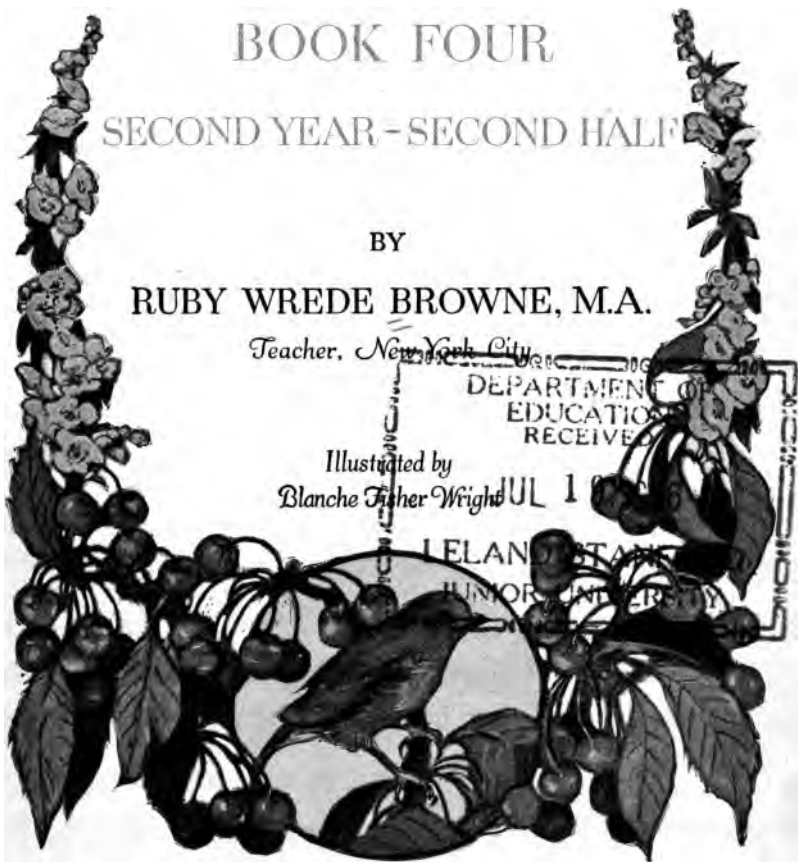
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SUGGESTIONS TO TEACHERS

Keep in mind that the aim of the reading lesson is to secure *speed* and *accuracy* in the process of obtaining the thought of the written page, and that *silent reading* is the great means to this end.

In all the stories the *thought* element must precede the correct oral expression. Arouse an intelligent interest in the story before taking up the reading itself. Talk *about* the story and its setting; discuss the characters in the story and let the children discuss the pictures. Correlate your work in nature and ethics with the reading lesson. As each sentence or paragraph is read aloud, make sure that its full meaning is understood. Give to the children as much related information as is practicable.

Unknown Words. The teacher is referred to the "Review Words," following the stories in the reader, wherein are listed, in the order in which they first appear, all the new words, both sight and phonetic, that occur in the reader. A glance through the lists shows the teacher the phonetic elements that must be drilled upon and the sight words that must be taken up each day. The child must learn the *phonetic* words from the phonetic drill which precedes the reading lesson. If he cannot get the *sight* words through adroit questioning by the teacher, he must be told what they are. Every word in the new

sentence or paragraph must be known to every child before the sentence or paragraph is read aloud.

Particular stress is laid upon the *word drill after* the reading lesson. This does not contradict the statement: *Every word in the new sentence or paragraph must be known to every child before the sentence or paragraph is read aloud.* It refers simply to the drudgery of the reading lesson,—the drill on sight words,—the object of which is to impress the visible form of the unknown word so thoroughly upon the mind of the child that he will recognize the word when he sees it in new surroundings. If fifteen or twenty minutes are spent in trying to teach isolated words before anything is said about the *content* of the reading lesson, the child is tired out; his mind is not in the best condition to take up the reading itself. Let the child's interest be aroused by the story or content at the beginning of the reading period. The *drill* on the new words of the lesson will be more spirited because thought has been associated with these words.

The following method of taking up the reading lesson is suggested for use with this reader:

- I. Phonetic drill upon the new and unknown phonetic words that occur in the story to be read.
- II. Conversation; picture study; discussion of the characters in the story; the setting of the story; a short talk *about* the story, perhaps no more than the title of the story will suggest.
- III. Recapitulation: "What did we read about yesterday?" when the story is continued from the lesson of the previous day.

IV. Silent reading of the first paragraph for *words*.

(a) *Known* words recognized. Review. Word pointing. "Point to *branch, own, first*." Walk down the aisles and see that each child is pointing to the word you ask for. Vary the exercise by saying, "Tell me the third word in the first line; the sixth word in the next line."

(b) *Unknown* words. There has been no blackboard work upon the new *sight* words of the lesson. The preliminary phonetic drill has given the child the new and unknown *phonetic* words. If a child sees a word he does not know, let him stand or raise his hand. Question him about the thought of the sentence; if he can help himself by sounding the letters in the word, let him do so. If he cannot get the word then, tell it to him, or, better still, let the other children tell him. As each new or unknown word is made known, write it upon the blackboard several times, calling upon different children to name the word as you write it.

V. Phrase study. Write upon the blackboard any phrases there may be in the paragraph. Call upon the children to read the phrase from the blackboard and to find the same phrase in their reader.

VI. Silent reading of the first paragraph for *thought*. Ask the child to tell you what he has read about in the paragraph. Question him upon the meanings of words. Discuss the allusions in

the paragraph. Get as much thought out of the paragraph as possible.

VII. Oral reading of the first paragraph by the children.

Read the paragraph yourself as an example for the children in correct oral expression, emphasizing particularly negatives, adjectives, adverbs, and all other words demanding emphasis and expression.

In the same manner take up, paragraph by paragraph, the rest of the lesson you have planned for the day, remembering that it is quality and quantity of *thought*, and not quantity of *words* and *pages*, that make a reading lesson valuable and worth while.

VIII. Oral reading of the entire lesson for continuity of thought.

IX. Word drills upon the words asked for during the silent reading, that is, the words you have written upon the blackboard. Perception cards may be made up of words and phrases taken from the reading lesson.

X. When the children know the story, not by hearing the teacher tell it but by reading it for themselves, let them reproduce and dramatize it.

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THE BROWNE READERS

BOOK FOUR

MARJORIE'S DREAM

Marjorie sat on the front doorstep. She was very, very tired. She had been out in the sun all the morning helping her mother weed the garden.

"Oh, dear! oh, dear! I'm so tired!" said Marjorie. "I wish there were no garden to weed! I wish — I wish —"

Just then a golden bee flew buzzing by. He buzzed over to a beautiful pink rose that grew on a bush in the garden.

"I wish," said Marjorie, "I wish I were a bee, or a rose, or a bird, so that I should not have to weed the garden."

Softly and gently a white cloud came floating down just above Marjorie's head. On the white cloud sat a little old man with hair as white as the cloud.

Softly the white cloud came floating down, and gently the little old man threw some white sand into Marjorie's eyes. Slowly the little head nodded, the little eyes closed. Marjorie was fast asleep!

"So you want to be a golden bee, Marjorie!" said a voice.

Marjorie opened her eyes wide and looked about her. Just above her head she saw a soft white cloud, and sitting upon it a little old man with hair as white as the cloud.

"Oh, if I could only be a bee, or a bird, or a rose," cried Marjorie, "I should be happy!"

"Very well," said the little old man. "There you are!" and he waved his hand three times above Marjorie's head.

Marjorie felt herself growing smaller and

smaller. How light she felt! What were those queer things at her side, and what was that queer noise? Why, Marjorie was a golden bee, and she was buzzing and flying away!

She flew over to the beautiful pink rose. She sipped the dew from the pretty pink leaves. How fresh and sweet it tasted!

She flew here and there in the bright sunshine, to this flower and to that. She sipped the sweet dew from each one of them. Oh, how wonderful it was to be a bee!

Just then the door of the house opened and Marjorie's mother came out with her broom to sweep off the front doorstep.

"I'll fly over to mother and tell her about the wonderful thing that has happened to me," thought Marjorie, and she flew over to her own doorstep. She flew up to her mother's face.

"Oh, go away!" cried Marjorie's mother, and she tried to hit the bee which she thought was about to sting her upon the face.



"Oh, don't, mother, don't!" cried Marjorie. "Don't hit me! I'm your little girl!" But her mother heard only a buzzing noise and tried once more to hit the bee with her broom.

Marjorie flew quickly away.

"Oh, dear! I don't want to be a bee!" she cried.

"Very well," said the voice of the old man, "you may have your next wish. You shall be a bird and fly about from tree to tree."



"Tweet, tweet! Tweet, tweet!" sang Marjorie, and she knew she was a bird. Away she flew to a tall tree near by. How light and free she felt as she flew through the air!

"Tweet, tweet! How wonderful it is to be a bird!" she sang. "Now I can fly about and sing all day long."

She flew to the garden. Old Tom, the black cat, was sunning himself on the garden walk.

"I'll just tell Tom who I am," said Marjorie. "I'll tell him how wonderful it is to be a bird."

But Old Tom saw only a little bird hopping about on the garden walk, and saying, "Tweet, tweet! Tweet, tweet!"

He gave one leap and caught the little bird under his sharp claws.

"Isn't it wonderful to be a bird?" asked the voice of the old man.

"Oh, no, no!" cried Marjorie. "I don't want to be a bird! No, no!"

"Then you may have your third wish," said the old man, and just as Old Tom was about to eat her, Marjorie found herself swaying and swinging on the rosebush. She was a beautiful pink rose!

How sweet and wonderful it was to be a rose! Marjorie swayed this way and that on her long stem.

Benny-bug came creeping along the ground. He saw the beautiful pink rose and flew upon the bush.

"How sweet those rose leaves will taste!" thought Benny-bug.

Then Marjorie felt a sharp pain in one of her leaves. Benny-bug was eating his way through her beautiful pink leaves. Oh, how it hurt!

Just then something close by went snip! snip! A great pair of shears came close to Marjorie. Somebody was cutting off the roses. It was Marjorie's mother.

Snip! snip! went the great pair of shears. They came right up to Marjorie's stem.

"Oh, mother! don't, don't! You are cutting me, your Marjorie!" she cried. But the great shears came nearer, and snip! off went Marjorie's head!

"Mother! mother!" she screamed with all her might.

"Why, what is the matter, Marjorie?" she heard her mother say.

"Oh, mother!" she cried, "you have cut off my head with your great shears! Oh, oh!"

"Why, Marjorie, what are you talking about?" asked her mother. "Have you been asleep?"

"No," said Marjorie, "I'm a rose and you've cut off my head!"

"You've been asleep and dreaming, dear," said her mother.

Marjorie opened her eyes wide. She felt of herself here and there. Yes, she was a little girl again. How happy she was!

Then she told her mother all about the old man and what he had done.

"That is only the Dream Man," said Marjorie's mother.

"But I don't want to be a bee, or a bird, or a rose," said Marjorie. "I want to be your own little girl and help you weed the garden."

"You are my own little girl and you always have been," said her mother. But Marjorie is still quite sure that she was once a golden bee, a bird, and a rose.



A THANKSGIVING BASKET

It was the day before Thanksgiving Day. Little Gray Squirrel was sitting all alone in her little house in the hollow oak tree.

Gray Squirrel could not run about like the other squirrels. One day, when she had been out gathering nuts for the winter time, she had caught her foot in a trap that some bad boys had set in the woods.

She had pulled and pulled, and, at last, she had managed to get her foot out of the trap.

But her foot was broken! Poor Gray Squirrel had hopped and jumped on one foot, and, somehow, she had managed to reach home.

That had happened more than a month ago. All that time Gray Squirrel could not move outside the door of her house. Before she had hurt her foot she had gathered a few nuts. She had eaten only a few each day to make them last. Now they were all gone and to-morrow was Thanksgiving Day! Poor little Gray Squirrel! She felt very sad sitting there all alone.

"I wonder how Gray Squirrel is getting along," said Mrs. Red Squirrel to herself. "It's a shame! I haven't been to see her for days and days.

I know what I'll do! I'll fix up a basket of good things and take them down to her for her Thanksgiving dinner."

Mrs. Red Squirrel took her biggest basket down from the hook. From the cupboard in her hollow-tree home she filled the basket with

as many chestnuts as she thought she could carry. Then she started off for little Gray Squirrel's house.

Soon she came to Mrs. Brown Squirrel's house. Mrs. Brown Squirrel was out in her garden digging up some of the nuts she had put there for the winter.

"Good afternoon, Mrs. Red Squirrel," said Mrs. Brown Squirrel. "Where are you going with your basket this lovely day?"

"I'm going down to little Gray Squirrel's house to take her a Thanksgiving dinner," answered Mrs. Red Squirrel.

"Oh, do let me put some of these fine hickory nuts into your basket," said Mrs. Brown Squirrel. "I have plenty, and I shall feel so happy to think that I can give some of them to little Gray Squirrel."

Mrs. Brown Squirrel put so many hickory nuts into the basket that Mrs. Red Squirrel had all she could do to carry it.



"Thank you kindly, Mrs. Brown Squirrel," said she, and off she started again.

Soon she came to Mr. Rabbit's bramble house. Mrs. Rabbit was standing at the door.

"Good afternoon, Mrs. Red Squirrel," said she. "Where are you going this lovely day?"

"I'm going down to little Gray Squirrel's house to take her a Thanksgiving basket," *answered* kind Mrs. Red Squirrel.



"Oh, just wait a minute!" said Mrs. Rabbit. "I have something that I can send, too. Some boys were having a picnic the other day, in the woods back of my house. When they went away I ran around there and found ever so many good things they had left. Wait just a minute and I will get them from my cupboard."

Mrs. Rabbit ran into her house and opened her cupboard in the dry grass and straw.

"Come in, Mrs. Red Squirrel," she called, "come in with your basket;" and Mrs. Red Squirrel went into the little bramble house.

"Here are the peanuts I found," said Mrs. Rabbit. "I know Gray Squirrel will like them. I have plenty of cabbage and carrots stored away, and I really don't need the peanuts. You may take this red apple too. Perhaps Gray Squirrel will eat it."

"Thank you," said Mrs. Red Squirrel. "You are very, very kind."

"Oh, no, not at all!" said Mrs. Rabbit. "It makes me feel so happy to think that I can help little Gray Squirrel."

"Thank you, all the same," said Mrs. Red Squirrel, and once more she started off for little Gray Squirrel's house.

The basket was very heavy now, and it was all Mrs. Red Squirrel could do to carry it.

"Why, Mrs. Red Squirrel!" said a voice, "where are you going with that heavy basket?"

Mrs. Red Squirrel looked about and saw Mr. Rabbit sitting among the brambles by the roadside.

"I am going down to little Gray Squirrel's house to take her a Thanksgiving basket," answered Mrs. Red Squirrel.

"Did you stop at our house?" Mr. Rabbit asked. "I think Mrs. Rabbit may have something for your basket."

"Yes, I stopped at the house on my way," said Mrs. Red Squirrel, "and Mrs. Rabbit gave me some peanuts and a red apple for my basket."

"I am very glad she thought of them," said Mr. Rabbit. "Now, you must let me help you carry that heavy basket."

"Oh, thank you," said Mrs. Red Squirrel, "but I think I can manage it the rest of the way. I'm almost there now."

"Never mind," said Mr. Rabbit, "I can help you carry it for even a little way," and he took hold of the other side of the heavy basket.



Mrs. Red Squirrel was very glad to have Mr. Rabbit's help, for the basket was indeed too much for her to carry alone.

They soon reached the hollow oak tree in which little Gray Squirrel lived. Mr. Rabbit knocked at the little door.

"Who's there?" called a sad little voice.

"How do you do, little Gray Squirrel?" answered Mr. Rabbit. "This is Mrs. Red Squirrel. She has brought you a Thanksgiving basket," and they opened the door and went in.

Little Gray Squirrel had been crying because she felt so lonely and hungry.

"Oh, Mrs. Red Squirrel," said she, "how can I thank you!"

Then Mrs. Red Squirrel told little Gray Squirrel about Mrs. Brown Squirrel and Mrs. Rabbit. "And Mr. Rabbit helped me carry the basket," said she.

Little Gray Squirrel felt very happy to know that she had so many friends. To-morrow would be Thanksgiving Day indeed!

The wonderful Thanksgiving basket lasted little Gray Squirrel all winter long, and that was all she needed, for, when the warm spring-time came, her foot was quite well and she could run about again!

THE PINE TREE

High up on a hillside grew a little pine tree. It was a very little tree, yet it stood as straight and as beautiful as the big trees about it.

Its branches were covered with pretty green needles. All day long the wind sang among its branches, and the pretty pine needles swayed and swung on their branches and sang back to the song of the wind.

The goats that were feeding upon the hillside liked to lie down in the cool shade of the little tree's branches.

The birds fluttered here and there about the little tree singing their sweetest songs. The bees, as they gathered the honey from the flowers near by, stopped their work long enough to buzz "How do you do!" to the pretty tree.

And yet the little pine tree was not happy.

"O wind!" it said one day, "must I always have these sharp, ugly, green pine needles?"

"But your needles are not ugly," said the wind. "Just see how green they are, and see how the sun makes them shine! They are beautiful!"

"I am tired of seeing them green all the time, and they do not shine bright enough," said the little pine tree. "Oh, dear! I wish I had gold leaves. Then I should be the most beautiful tree on the hillside!"

A little wood fairy came dancing over the hillside. She heard what the little tree said to the wind.

"I'll give the little tree its wish," said the wood fairy to herself. "I'll change its pine needles to golden leaves." Then she touched the little tree with her wand, and the green pine needles were changed to golden leaves.

"Oh, see!" cried the little pine tree. "My ugly green needles are gone! I have beautiful golden leaves!"

The wind sang among the branches of the little tree and blew the golden leaves against



one another. Tinkle, tinkle, tinkle! the golden leaves sounded like tiny bells.

Then the sun shone down upon the little tree, and the golden leaves twinkled and shone like so many golden stars. ·

“Oh, I am the most beautiful tree on the hillside!” sang the little pine tree.

A woodcutter driving a cartload of wood came down the road near by. He heard the



tinkle of the leaves and looked toward the sound. He saw the little tree that shone so bright in the sunlight.

"I wonder what that can be!" he said to himself. Then he climbed down from his cart and went over to the tree on the hillside.

"Why, it's gold," he cried, "pure gold! I need never cut wood again! I shall be rich for the rest of my life!"

Then the woodcutter ran back to his cart, threw out all the wood that he had gathered, and drove the cart over to the little tree.

He began to pick the golden leaves. He picked and picked until he had picked every golden leaf and the little tree was bare!

"Oh, dear!" cried the pine tree, "I do not want gold leaves. Indeed, I should never be able to keep them, for someone would always steal them, and my branches would always be bare."

The little wood fairy heard, and once again came to the pine tree. "What kind of leaves do you want, then?" she asked.

"If only I had glass leaves," said the little tree, "I know I should be happy. No one would steal my glass leaves, and when the sun shone down upon them, they would shine and sparkle like diamonds. I should be the most beautiful tree on the hillside."

"Very well," said the little wood fairy, and she touched the bare branches with her wand.

The branches were covered with shining glass leaves. They shone and sparkled in the sunlight like so many diamonds.

"O wind!" called the little pine tree, "come and see my beautiful glass leaves!"

The wind came puffing and blowing up the hillside toward the pine tree.

"Ah, they are beautiful!" he cried. "You are the most beautiful tree I have ever blown," and he blew softly and gently among the pine tree's branches.

Alas! he did not blow softly enough, for the little glass leaves came together and, crash! they fell to the ground in a thousand pieces. The little pine tree was bare!

"Oh, forgive me!" cried the wind. "I really could not help it."

"No, you could not help it," said the little tree. "I know. All these things have happened because I wished to be more beautiful than the other trees on the hillside. Perhaps if

I had green leaves like the other trees I could keep them on my branches."

Once again the wood fairy came to the little pine tree. "So you want green leaves like the other trees?" she asked.

"Yes," said the pine tree, "for then no one would steal them, and the wind could not break them. After all, green leaves are very pretty, and if they turn red in the fall of the year I shall really be very beautiful!"

Once again the wood fairy touched the bare branches of the little pine tree with her wand, and the branches were covered with pretty green leaves!

"O wind!" called the pine tree, "come and see my pretty green leaves. Do you not think I am more beautiful than before?"

The wind came puffing and blowing up the hillside toward the little tree.

"Yes, you are really lovely!" he cried. "How fresh and green your leaves do look," and he



blew among the branches. The green leaves rustled and sang as the wind blew about them.

"I am happy now, with my pretty, fresh green leaves," sang the little tree.

Up the hill came Billy-goat. Higher and higher he climbed up the hillside. He spied the little pine tree with its pretty, fresh green leaves rustling and swaying in the wind.

"Ah!" said Billy-goat, "this is just what

I have been looking for. What beautiful fresh green leaves, and they are so low that I can easily reach them!"

Billy-goat went quickly to the little pine tree. He began to eat the fresh green leaves. He ate and he ate and he ate, until once again the little tree was bare!

"I'm very glad I climbed so high," said Billy-goat.

"But I am not," said the little tree. "Now my branches are bare again. Oh, dear! what shall I do? I wish I had my own pine needles back again. They are best for a little pine tree like me."

"Do you really think so?" said the voice of the little wood fairy.

"Yes! yes!" cried the pine tree; "only give them back to me and I shall be happy!"

The fairy touched the bare branches with her wand, and the little tree once more was covered with pretty green pine needles.

THE PANSY BABY

It was winter. The ground was covered with snow. Not a green thing could be seen. There was not even a leaf on any tree.

Deep under the snow lay a little baby. It was a plant baby. Some day it would grow to be a beautiful pansy. Now it lay fast asleep in its tiny seed bed.

It was very warm in the little seed bed. The snow covered the ground and the little plant baby with its soft white blanket.

All winter long the plant baby lay in its soft warm bed. Soon the snow began to melt, the days grew longer, and the sun shone brighter and warmer.

"Spring is here," sang all the trees, and they began to put out their leaf buds.

Little green shoots sprang up from the ground. The grass was beginning to come up. How fresh and green the young grass looked!



"Spring is here, is here, is here!" sang Robin Red Breast. He had come from the South that very day. He wanted to be the first bird to sing of the happy spring.

He sat on the branch of a budding tree. His song rang out, clear and sweet. "Spring is here, is here, is here! Wake up, little flowers! Wake up, wake up!"

Deep in the ground lay the little plant baby. Oh, what a beautiful dream she had! She



heard in her sleep the robin sing. She heard him say, "Spring is here! Wake up, wake up!"

The plant baby stirred. She opened her eyes. Slowly she put off the cover of her seed bed.

Down into the soft earth she put her little feet. A tiny root began to grow! Up, up, up she stretched her little arms. She wanted to grow, she wanted to grow! Right up out of the ground she stretched her little arms. What a pretty green shoot she was!

Father Sun, warm and bright, came out to meet her. He smiled down upon her.

"Pretty little baby plant," he said, "I shall send the warm rain down to see you."

Father Sun went behind a cloud.

Pitter, patter! pitter, patter! down came the raindrops. They kissed the little baby plant. She grew, and grew, and grew!

One morning Father Sun seemed to shine down upon the little plant brighter and warmer than ever before.

"Something is going to happen to-day," said the little plant. "Something wonderful is going to happen!"

Out from the green leaves peeped a tiny flower bud. Just a tiny yellow top could be seen among the green leaves.

Father Sun shone down upon the tiny bud with all his might.

Slowly, slowly, the bud began to unfold; then, all at once, a beautiful yellow pansy turned its little pansy face full up to Father Sun and smiled.

WHY THE BEAR HAS A SHORT TAIL

One winter morning a fox was going along the road with some fish when he met a bear:

"Hello, Brother Fox!" called the bear. "That's a fine string of fish you have. Where did you get them?"

"Oh, I caught them down in Farmer Brown's pond," answered the fox.

"Why, how is that?" said Brother Bear. "The pond is all frozen over. How could you catch them there when the pond is all covered with ice?"

"Should you like to catch some for yourself?" asked the fox.

"Yes, indeed!" said Brother Bear. "Nothing tastes so fine in the winter time as a good mess of fresh fish."

"I agree with you there," said Brother Fox. "Come down to the pond and I'll show you how to catch fish in the winter time."



"Indeed I will!" said Brother Bear, and the two went down to Farmer Brown's pond.

The pond was all frozen over. The ice was so thick that the whole bear family could have walked across it without breaking through.

"Now," said Brother Fox, "over by the fence there's a sharp-pointed stick. Go and get it."

Brother Bear hurried over to the fence, found the sharp-pointed stick, and quickly brought it back to Brother Fox.



“Take this sharp-pointed stick,” said the fox, “and dig down through the ice until you reach the water underneath. Then I’ll tell you what to do next.”

Brother Bear took the stick and scraped and scraped the ice with its sharp point. At last he broke through the ice and the stick reached the water underneath.

“There we are!” said Brother Fox. “Now all you have to do is to put your tail down

into the water as far as you can, and keep it there until you feel a bite."

"What shall I do then?" asked Brother Bear.

"Why, pull it up, of course!" said the fox. "When you feel a bite on the end of your tail, pull your tail up and the fish will come up with it."

Brother Bear sat down upon the ice and let his tail down into the water. Br-r-r! how cold the water felt!

"You know," said the fox, "the longer you keep your tail down in the water, the more fish you will have."

"Oh, I shall not go home until I have a good mess," said Brother Bear. "It isn't often I have a chance like this. I'll get enough to last me for quite a while, you may be sure!"

"I'm sure you will, Brother Bear!" said the fox. "Don't forget to let me know how you like the fish," he called. Then he went on

toward home with his string of fish, leaving Brother Bear sitting patiently over the hole in the ice.

Brother Bear kept his tail down in the cold water a long, long time. Then, all at once, he thought he felt a bite. Nibble, nibble! went something at the end of Brother Bear's tail.

"Aha! there's a fish!" cried he, and then there came another nibble.

"Another fish!" cried he. "That's two! I'll leave them there until I get a good string of them. I'll take home enough to last me until next week, anyway."

Brother Bear did not mind the cold now, so long as he knew he was going to have such a feast of fish. Every little while he thought he felt another nibble, and he was happy.

He sat there patiently all day long. He sat there until the sun began to go down.

"Well, it's supper time," thought Brother Bear. "I'll pull up my fish and be off for



home. I've had a long day, but how good those fresh fish will taste!"

Brother Bear tried to get up from the ice. He could not move! He pulled and pulled. He pulled so hard that at last he felt something give way.

"Here are the fish!" he cried, and over he fell, upon his face!

He picked himself up and turned his head about to look at the fish that he had caught

on his tail. Not a fish did he see, and, oh! only part of his tail was there. The rest of it was frozen fast in the ice!

Poor Brother Bear trotted off toward home, growling angrily. "I should have known better than to trust that tricky fox," he growled.

Brother Fox lay in his den, eating the supper of fresh fish that he had stolen from a fish cart. He laughed to himself to think of the trick he had played upon Brother Bear.

And it was a trick, indeed, for from that day to this every bear has a short tail!



THE FOX AND THE GEESE

Left, right! left, right! down the lane and through the meadow. Left, right! left, right! through the meadow and to the brook marched Father Gander.

His family marched after him. There were Mother Goose and her six little goslings, all marching after Father Gander.

Father Gander stopped and turned around.

"Straighten that line!" said he.

Mother Goose turned around to her six little goslings. "Quickly, children, straighten that line!" said she. "We are coming to the brook. Mother Duck may be there with her ducklings. Father wishes you to look your best."

Quickly the little goslings stepped into line, one behind the other.

"That's better!" said Father Gander. "Now, then, heads up! eyes front! toes turned in! *Left, right!* left, right!"

Marching one behind the other they reached the brook at last, but no one was there.

"We have looked our best for nothing," cried one gosling.

"I held my head so still that my neck hurts," said another.

"I'm sure I've twisted my ankle," said a third. "I turned my toes in too far."

"And nobody saw how lovely we looked," cried all the little goslings.

"Oh, yes, I saw you," said a voice, and Red Fox came out from some bushes.

When the geese saw Red Fox they began to scream and cackle with fear.

"You really do look lovely," said Red Fox. "You are all nice and fat, even the little ones. What a fine meal you will make!"

"Oh, spare us! spare us!" cried Father Gander.

"We are too young to die!" cried the goslings. "We are only babies, just from the nest."



Red Fox would not listen. "What!" said he, "shall I give up the chance of a feast? Never! Come, get ready!"

"I do not care for myself," said Mother Goose, "but it is hard that my poor little ones must die before they have had a chance to live."

"If we must die," said one little gosling, "please grant us one favor before we go."

"*And what is this favor?*" asked Red Fox.

"Give us one hour in which to talk and say good-by to each other before we die," said the gosling. "Then we will place ourselves in a row so that you may pick out the fattest and the best."

"Well, that is only fair," said Red Fox. "Talk away, and I will wait for you."

Red Fox sat down by the side of the brook. His wicked little eyes carefully watched every goose. They should not play any tricks and get away from him! He carefully watched every move that they made.

The geese placed themselves in a row. Father Gander stood at the head of the line; Mother Goose stood at the other end.

Then they began to talk and say good-by in their own way. They flapped their wings and screamed and cackled. They made a dreadful noise. They were talking for their lives!

"Louder! louder!" whispered Father Gander to the little one next to him.

"Louder! louder!" whispered Mother Goose to the gosling next to her, and "Louder! louder!" was passed down the line to the rest of the goslings.

Then, indeed, the noise was dreadful! They cackled so loudly that they were heard at the farmhouse on the hill.

Down the lane and through the meadow came the farmer.

"Hi! hi!" shouted he.

Red Fox looked up and saw the farmer. He jumped up, and away he ran, through the bushes, in a dreadful fright.

"I must hunt that fox to-morrow," thought the farmer. Then he drove the geese through the meadow, up the lane, and into the safe barnyard.



GRAY WOLF AND HIS SERVANT

Tramp, tramp, tramp! went Gray Wolf through the forest. His sharp eyes watched the bushes on either side as he went along. Gray Wolf was hungry. He hoped to see a rabbit or a squirrel among the bushes.

"Not a bite have I had to-day!" he said;
"not even a hen or a duck."

Patter, patter, patter! through the forest came little Red Fox.

"Ha, ha!" thought Gray Wolf, "I have it! Red Fox shall get me some food!

"Hello, Red Fox!" he called, "do you want me to eat you?"

"No, indeed!" said Red Fox, in a fright.

"Well, then, find me something to eat," said Gray Wolf, "or I shall eat you."

"Will a young lamb do?" asked Red Fox.

"If it's young and tender," said Gray Wolf.

"I know a farmyard near by," answered Red



Fox, "where there are two young lambs. I'm sure they'll be tender. I will fetch you one."

"Very well," said Gray Wolf, "but be quick about it, or I'll eat you!"

Red Fox hurried away to the farmyard.

"I shall keep him with me always," thought Gray Wolf. "He shall be my servant. I am stronger than he. He shall do as I say."

Soon Red Fox came hurrying back with one of the young and tender lambs.

"Now you may go and find something for yourself," said Gray Wolf, "but be sure that you return to me. I am your master now. You are my servant. Do you hear, Red Fox?"

"Yes, master," answered Red Fox, and he went away to find something for himself.

Gray Wolf soon ate up the young and tender lamb, but he was not satisfied.

"I wish I had told Red Fox to fetch me both of those lambs," he said. Then he began to long so much for the other lamb that he went to fetch it himself.

Now Gray Wolf was big and heavy. He could not walk as softly as Red Fox did. He made so much noise that all the sheep and the lambs in the farmyard heard him and began to bleat.

The farmer came running out to see what was the matter. He found Gray Wolf and gave him such a beating that he ran howling back to the forest to Red Fox.

"You have led me into a fine mess of trouble," said Gray Wolf to his servant. "I wanted the other lamb, and because I went to fetch it, the farmer has nearly killed me."

"You should not be so greedy, master," answered Red Fox.

The next day, as they were walking through a field, Gray Wolf turned to his servant and said: "Red Fox, I am hungry. Get me something to eat, or I shall eat you!"

"I can get you some pancakes, if you like," replied Red Fox. "I know a farmhouse where the wife is frying them now."

"Well, get them, and be quick about it!" growled Gray Wolf.

Red Fox hurried off to the farmhouse. He crept softly in and smelled about until at last he found out where the dish stood. He took six pancakes from the dish and hurried back with them to Gray Wolf.

"Now you have something to eat," said Red

Fox, "I shall go and find something for myself," and he hurried away.

Gray Wolf swallowed the six pancakes in the twinkling of an eye and, of course, was not satisfied.

"They taste so good, I must have the rest," he said, and off he went to the farmhouse.

Gray Wolf found the dish upon a kitchen shelf. He reached up to pull down the pancakes and pulled down the whole thing! The dish fell to the floor and was broken into a thousand pieces.

The farmer's wife came running into the room to see what had happened. When she saw Gray Wolf she took her broom and gave him such a beating that he ran howling back to the forest to Red Fox.

"See all the trouble you have led me into!" he said to Red Fox. "I wanted some more **p**ancakes, and because I went to get them, the **f**armer's wife has nearly killed me."

"You should be satisfied with what I bring you, master," replied Red Fox.

The next day about dinner time Gray Wolf turned to his servant and growled: "Red Fox, I think I shall eat you, now! You look very young and tender."

"Oh, spare me, master!" cried Red Fox.

"Well, find me something very good to eat to-day, or I shall eat you. I am very hungry."

"I know a man who has been killing pigs," said Red Fox. "There is some pork salted down in a tub in his cellar. I can fetch you some of that, master."

"No," said Gray Wolf, "I shall go with you this time. If anyone should see us, you can help me if I cannot run away fast enough. I shall go with you, and then I shall be sure to have all I want."

"Very well, master," replied Red Fox, "you may come if you wish."

They both hurried away and soon reached



the cellar. They met no one on the way, and there was no one about the house. They crept softly through the small cellar window.

There was plenty of salted meat in the tub, and Gray Wolf made himself quite at home. "There will be time to stop," said he, "when I hear someone coming."

Red Fox also enjoyed himself, but he kept

looking around now and then. He ran often to the cellar window to see if his body was still small enough to slip through.

"Red Fox, why are you running about and jumping here and there?" asked Gray Wolf.

"I must see if anyone is coming," answered Red Fox. "I advise you not to eat too much."

"I am not going away from here until the tub is empty," said Gray Wolf.

At that moment in came the farmer. He had heard Red Fox jumping about in the cellar.

Red Fox no sooner saw the farmer than, with one spring, he went through the cellar window. Gray Wolf tried to spring through the window, too, but he had eaten so much and was so fat that he stuck fast.

"Ah, you will steal my salted meat!" cried the farmer. He went for his gun, and soon Gray Wolf was no more.

Red Fox ran home to his den, full of joy that he was at last free from the greedy wolf.

THE TOWN BAND

Old Ben had carried sacks to the mill for his master for many long years. Now he was all worn out. He was too old to work any longer.

His master turned him out into the fields, and there he spent his days. Once in a great while he would be hitched to a cart and made to drag a load of wood home from the forest.

One day he heard his master say: "I must kill that donkey. He is so old that he cannot even earn his salt."

"Oh, what shall I do?" thought Old Ben. "I do not want to die so soon. Oh, dear! to think that my master is going to kill me after all the years I have spent in working hard for him. I will not stay to be killed, that's all there is about it! I shall run away!"

Once, long ago, when his master had driven him to the town, Old Ben had heard a street band play. Now he thought of it.



"I can sing very well," thought he. "I shall run away to the town and sing in the town band." And that very day Old Ben started off for the town.

He had not gone very far when he came upon a dog lying by the roadside, panting for breath.

"What's the matter, Old Hunter?" asked Ben.
"Why are you panting so?"

"Ah!" replied the dog, "now that I am old



and can no longer go to the hunt, my master has ordered me to be killed. But I cannot die so soon, so I have run away!"

"Will you come with me?" asked Old Ben. "I have run away, too. I am going to town to sing in the town band. You can sing very well. Why not come with me?"

"I shall be glad to go," answered the old hunter, and they walked on together.

Not long after that they came upon a cat

sitting by the roadside and mewling as loudly as she could. Old Ben stopped before her.

"What is the matter with you, Old Whiskers?" he asked.

"Ah!" replied the cat, "now that I am old and can no longer catch mice, my master has ordered me to be drowned. I cannot die so soon, so I have run away!"

"Why not come with us, Tabby?" asked Ben. "We are going to town to sing in the band. You can sing beautifully. I have often heard you singing on the fence at night. Will you come with us?"

"I shall be glad to go," said Tabby, so the three walked on together.

They had not gone very far when they saw a rooster standing on a fence and crowing with all his might.

"What's the matter with you, Old Red Comb?" asked Ben. "Why are you making so much noise?"

"I heard the cook say that she is going to

cook me for supper to-night," said the rooster, "so I shall crow at the top of my voice as long as I can."

"Do you want to be cooked?" asked Ben.

"Indeed, no!" replied the rooster, "but what am I to do?"

"Why not come with us?" said Ben. "We are going to town to sing in the town band. You know you can sing beautifully. Will you come with us?"

"Indeed I will, and gladly too!" said Red Comb, and the four went on together.

As night came on they found themselves near some dark woods.

"Let us stay in the woods for the night," said Ben. "We can start off early in the morning for the town."

"Yes, we shall have a good night's rest and so we shall be able to walk faster," said Red Comb.

"The sleep in the green woods will make our voices clear and sweet," said Tabby.



So into the dark woods they went and settled themselves for the night. The donkey and the dog lay down under a big tree. Tabby climbed up into the branches of the tree, and Red Comb flew high up to the top.

"Oh!" said Red Comb from the top of the tree, "I see a light. There must be a house near by."

"Then," said Ben, "let us go on to the house, for there we shall find something to eat."

"Oh, for a nice, fat rat!" cried Tabby.

"Or a large juicy bone!" said the dog.

"Or some corn!" said Red Comb.

"I could chew on an old shoe, I'm so hungry!" said Ben.

They soon reached the place where the light was. They found that it came from the windows of a little hut.

Ben was the tallest of the four, so he went to the window and looked in.

"What do you see?" asked Red Comb.

"I see a table all laid out with a fine supper," said Ben. "There are four men sitting at the table, eating and drinking."

"That ought to be our supper," said Tabby.

"Yes," said Red Comb; "if we were only inside!"

"Ah!" said Ben, "I have a plan. I will stand on my hind legs and place my forefeet on the window sill. You, Old Hunter, will stand upon my back. You, Tabby, will stand upon the dog's back, and Red Comb will fly up on



Tabby's back. Then, when I give the word, we will all sing our loudest."

"Ready!" said Old Ben, when they had all climbed up into their places. "Ready! Go!"

Then Ben brayed, Old Hunter barked, Tabby mewed, and Red Comb crowed, each as loudly as he could.

The four men sprang up from the table and rushed from the hut. Out into the woods they *ran* without once looking back.

The four friends went into the hut and ate whatever they could find, as if they had been hungry for a month.

Then they looked about for a place to sleep. Tabby lay down by the fire. The old hunter went behind the door. Old Ben found a place out in the yard. Red Comb flew up into a tall tree. Soon they were all asleep.

About midnight the men saw that the light was out and that all was still.

"I will go to the house and see if everything is all right," said one.

He crept softly into the house, but not quite softly enough, for Tabby and Old Hunter heard him. He went to the fire for a light. He thought Tabby's eyes were live coals and put out his hand. At this Tabby jumped up and scratched him in the face.

This frightened him so that he ran to the door. Out from behind the door sprang the dog and bit the man on the leg as he went by.

In the yard he ran against Old Ben. Ben kicked him so hard that he was flung against the tree where Red Comb slept. At that Red Comb woke up and crowed with all his might, "Cock-a-doodle-doo! cock-a-doodle-doo!"

The man ran back to the others as fast as his legs could carry him. "Ah, me!" he cried, all out of breath, "in that house there is a terrible witch! When I went to strike a light she flew at me and scratched me with her long nails.

"By the door stood a man with a knife. He stabbed me in the leg as I ran by. Out in the yard there lay a great beast. He kicked me with his wooden leg and flung me up against a tree. All this time a great voice was calling from the top of the house, 'Let me kick him, too! Let me kick him, too!'"

The men were so frightened that they never went back to the hut, and the four friends lived there happily to the end of their days.

LITTLE DRAKE

Little Drake was the tiniest drake in the duck yard. But, tiny as he was, he was very wise. He had worked hard all his life and had saved up every penny.

Now the king of Little Drake's country was very lazy. He never did anything but spend money. When he had spent all of his own, he looked about him to see where he could get some more money.

Then it was that the lazy king heard that Little Drake had saved up quite a bit, and before another day went by he made haste to borrow it.

Little Drake lent his money to the king without a word. Indeed, he was very proud and glad to lend it. Not everyone was able to lend money to the king.

A year went by, and then another year. Little Drake began to wonder whether the king would ever pay what he had borrowed.

At last he made up his mind that he would go and see the king and ask him for the money. So one fine morning Little Drake started for the king's palace, singing as he went along,

"Quack, quack, quack,
When shall I get my money back?"

He had not gone far when he met his friend the fox coming that way.

"Good morning, my friend," said the fox -
"Where are you going so early this morning?"

"I am going to the king to ask him to pay me what he owes me," answered Little Drake.

"Oh, do take me with you," begged the fox.

"One can't have too many friends," said Little Drake to himself. "You may come with me," he told the fox, "but you walk on four legs, and you will soon get tired. Make yourself very small and jump down my throat. Then I can carry you."

The fox made himself very, very small, and



with one jump he was down Little Drake's throat. Then Little Drake started off again, singing as before,

"Quack, quack, quack,
When shall I get my money back?"

He had not gone very far when he met his little lady friend, the ladder. She was leaning straight and tall against the wall.

"Good morning, Ducky dear!" said she.
"Where are you going so early this morning?"

"I am going to the king to ask him to pay me what he owes me," answered Little Drake.

"Oh, do take me with you," begged she.

"One can't have too many friends," thought Little Drake. "Certainly, I will take you," he said to the ladder, "but you have such long wooden legs that you will soon get tired. Make yourself very small and jump down my throat. Then I can carry you."

So the ladder made herself very small. In the twinkling of an eye she had jumped down Little Drake's throat and was with his other friend, the fox.

Then Little Drake was off again, singing,

"Quack, quack, quack,

When shall I get my money back?"

He had not gone far when he met his little sweetheart, River, laughing and running gayly along in the bright sunshine.

"Ah, my bold Ducky!" she gurgled, "where are you going so bright and early?"

"I am going to the king to ask him to pay me what he owes me," answered Little Drake.

"Oh, please take me with you," begged River.

"One can't have too many friends," thought Little Drake. "Very well," he said to the river, "but you must make yourself small enough to jump down my throat. You run so fast and so gayly that you will get tired. Make yourself small and I can carry you."

River made herself very small, and quick as a wink she was down Little Drake's throat beside the ladder and the fox.

Then away started Little Drake singing gayly, as before,

"Quack, quack, quack,
When shall I get my money back?"

A little farther on he met his old friend Queen Bee. She was taking her bees out of the hive to get the morning air.

"Why, good morning. Little Drake," said she.
"Where are you going so bright and early?"

"I am going to the king to get the money that he owes me," said Little Drake.

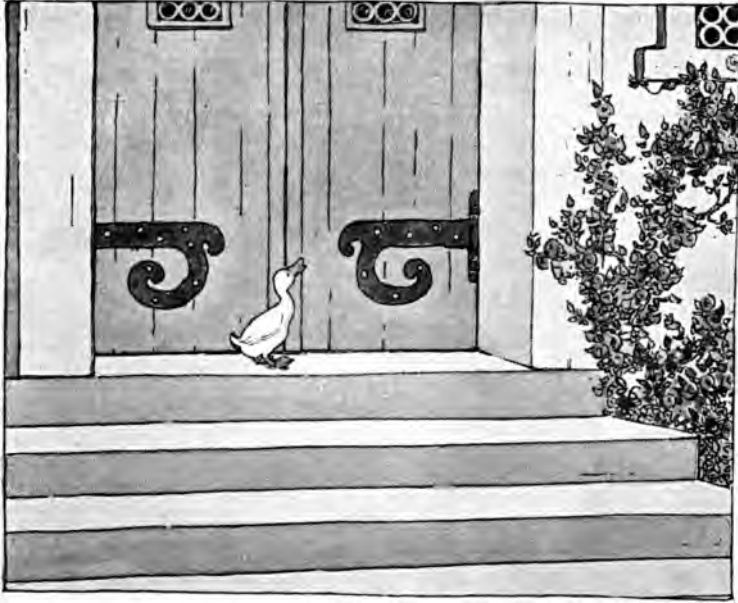
"Oh, do take us with you," said Queen Bee.
"We have never seen a king."

"One can't have too many friends," thought Little Drake. "I will take you," he said to Queen Bee, "but you must make yourselves very small so that I can carry you. You must make yourselves small enough to go down my throat. That is the only way I can take you with me."

All the bees made themselves very small, and quick as a flash they were down Little Drake's throat beside the ladder, the fox, and the river.

Then Little Drake marched on, singing gayly, as before,

"Quack, quack, quack,
When shall I get my money back?"



Not very long afterward he reached the gates of the town. He marched straight through the gates and on up the long street to the king's palace, singing loudly as he went along.

Up the palace steps, as bravely as could be, he went. He knocked at the great door.

"Who's there?" called the doorkeeper, and he poked his head out of a small window in the great palace door.

"It is I, Little Drake," said the brave little fellow. "I have come to speak with the king."

"Speak with the king? How, now! What do you think you are?"

"The king will know what I am. Just tell him I am here," said Little Drake.

"I'll tell him you are here. He'll take it as a great joke," said the doorkeeper, and up to the king he went.

The king was just sitting down to his dinner.

"Ha, ha!" laughed he. "Indeed I do know who it is. Bring the rascal in and put him in the poultry yard with the chickens and turkeys."

The doorkeeper hurried back to the great door, where Little Drake stood patiently waiting on the palace steps.

"Walk right in, kind sir!" said the doorkeeper, and he opened the great palace door.

"Good!" thought Little Drake; "now at last I shall get my money!" and he followed *the doorkeeper* in through the palace.

"Step this way, please," said the doorkeeper.
"Just a little farther! Now, there you are!"
and he pushed Little Drake through a gate
and into the poultry yard.

"What's this!" cried Little Drake; "in the
poultry yard?" but the doorkeeper went back
into the palace.

Little Drake was certainly very angry.

"Never mind," said he, "I'll soon get out
of this." Then he started to sing,

"Quack, quack, quack,
When shall I get my money back?"

Now, turkeys and chickens are very unkind
to people who are not like themselves. When
they heard the singing and saw Little Drake,
they flew at him and began to peck him.

They would have killed him had he not
thought of his friend the fox and called,

"Fox, fox, come out to me, quick,
Or I shall soon be dead as a stick!"

The fox, who was only waiting to be called, jumped out of Little Drake's throat. As quick as a flash he took his right size, and in the twinkling of an eye he had killed every chicken and every turkey in the poultry yard.

Then Little Drake, as fresh as ever, once more began to sing.

The cook and the doorkeeper ran out when they heard him. They thought that the turkeys and chickens had killed Little Drake long ago. When they saw what had happened, they ran with all their might to tell the king.

"Throw the rascal into the well!" cried the king, in a dreadful rage.

The cook and the doorkeeper ran back to the poultry yard. The cook seized Little Drake and, splash! down he went into the well!

"Now my end has come!" thought Little Drake, as he came up to the top of the water. He tried to swim about in the narrow, dark *well*. "Oh, dear!" he thought, "this cannot



last long. I shall soon die down here without a thing to eat!"

Then, in a flash, he thought of his lady friend, the ladder, and called,

"Ladder, ladder, come out to me, quick,
Or I shall soon be dead as a stick!"

The ladder, who was only waiting to be called, jumped out of Little Drake's throat.

In the twinkling of an eye she had taken her own size and placed herself against the side of the well.

Up the ladder and into the courtyard of the palace went Little Drake, as fresh and gay as ever, and began again to sing,

“ Quack, quack, quack,
When shall I get my money back ? ”

When the king, who was still at the dinner table, heard Little Drake singing as gayly as ever, he flew into a dreadful rage.

“ Build a great fire and throw the rascal into it ! ” he cried.

A great fire was soon blazing and crackling in the courtyard. The king’s men seized Little Drake and were just about to throw him into the blazing fire, when he thought of his little sweetheart, River, and called,

“ River, river, quickly flow,
Or into the fire I must go ! ”

Out rushed his sweetheart, River, and in a

twinkling she had put out the blazing fire and drowned the people who had built it.

River flowed through the courtyard and into the palace itself. She stood so high in the hall that the king and all his people had to climb upon the table to keep their feet dry.

Little Drake, as fresh as ever, swam up the river and into the palace hall, singing as gayly as before,

“Quack, quack, quack,
When shall I get my money back?”

Oh, dear! oh, dear! you should have seen the king when he saw Little Drake come swimming into the palace hall. His face was purple with rage as he seized a great knife from the table and cried, “Bring the rascal here and I’ll cut off his head!”

The king’s cook rushed through the water and seized Little Drake by the head.

“Now my end has surely come!” thought Little Drake. Just then he heard a buzzing



sound in his throat. It was Queen Bee trying to get out. Little Drake called,

“Queen Bee, Queen Bee, come to me, quick,
Or I shall soon be dead as a stick!”

Out buzzed Queen Bee and all her hive of bees. They stung the king's cook upon the hand, and he quickly let go of Little Drake, who swam off to the end of the hall.

Queen Bee and all her hive flew about, and buzzed and stung and stung and buzzed until *the king* and all his people were so frightened

that they rushed from the palace and were never seen again!

Then Queen Bee and her hive quietly flew away, and River slowly flowed out of the palace, leaving Little Drake sitting safe and sound at the end of the palace hall.

Little Drake waited, not knowing what would happen next. As nothing did happen, he thought of his money and started out to look for it.

He went from room to room, but not one penny did he find! At last, all tired out, he came to the room where the king's throne stood. He sat down upon the throne to rest.

"Oh, dear!" he thought, "after all my work I have found nothing, not even a penny!" He felt very sad sitting there all alone.

Now when the people of the town saw the king and all his men running away, they ran to the palace to see what had happened.

Into the palace hall the town people went. There was no one there. They went from room

to room of the great palace without seeing anyone. At last they came to the throne room. There they found Little Drake sitting all alone upon the king's throne.

They laughed and shouted, "A king! A new king! Hurrah! hurrah!"

They shouted and clapped, and then put the king's golden crown upon Little Drake's head.

"The king is dead! Long live the king!
Now we shall all be ruled by this thing!"

And you may not believe it, but they were all very glad indeed to get rid of their lazy king and to crown Little Drake king. They knew that he would make a better king than they had ever had before.

They clapped and shouted and laughed, and Little Drake laughed with them.

So, with the golden crown upon his head, Little Drake became king, and after the shouting was over he said: "Come, all my good people, let us go to supper. I am very hungry!"

THE GREEDY WOLF

Down in the corner of a pasture stood an old well. It was just like the wells our grandmothers used to get water from.

At the top was an iron wheel. Over the wheel hung a chain. At each end of the chain a bucket was fastened.

There was always one bucket down in the well and one up at the top, near the iron wheel. When one bucket was sent down into the well for water, the other bucket came up. When the bucket in the well was full of water, it was drawn up to the top of the well as the empty bucket went down.

Mr. Fox, one day, was walking through the pasture. It was a very hot summer day. Mr. Fox spied the old well.

"Nothing tastes so good on a hot summer day as cool water, fresh from the well!" said Mr. Fox, and he went to the bucket that was



up at the top of the well. He stuck his head into the bucket to get a cool drink of water.

There wasn't a drop of water in the bucket. He was just about to draw his head out when down fell the handle of the empty bucket. It caught Mr. Fox around the neck.

Into the empty bucket went all of Mr. Fox's head, and up into the air went his heels! He tried and tried, but he could not get his head out. It was caught fast by the handle.

Mr. Fox kicked this way and that. He was



a funny sight to see with his four legs flying about in the air.

Then the bucket began to go down, down, down, into the well, and, of course, Mr. Fox went down, down, down, with the bucket.

Mr. Fox was so heavy that he went right down to the bottom. There was not much water in the well or he surely would have drowned.

"Help! help!" called Mr. Fox. "Help! help! I'm down in the old well!"

Cousin Wolf happened to pass by. He heard

Mr. Fox calling for help, and running over to the old well, he looked in.

"Hello!" he called. "What's this? What are you doing at the bottom of the well?"

"Ah, Cousin Wolf! I am so glad you have come," said Mr. Fox. "I have found something wonderful here in this well."

"Something wonderful!" cried Cousin Wolf "and at the bottom of a well? What could you find there but water?"

"Just wait and I will tell you," answered Mr. Fox. "I came here to get a drink, and as I looked down into the well, what do you think I saw?"

"Tell me! tell me! What?" cried Cousin Wolf, eagerly.

"The bottom of the well is covered with gold!" said Mr. Fox. "There is enough gold here to buy us turkeys and ducks for the rest of our lives."

"Oh, then you meant to go down into the

well," said Cousin Wolf. "You made such a noise, I thought you had tumbled in."

"No! no! how could I do that?" answered Mr. Fox. "I called loudly so that you would be sure to hear me. I wanted you to have some of the gold, too."

"How can I get it?" asked Cousin Wolf. "Shall I climb down into the well?"

"No," answered Mr. Fox. "I have my bucket full of gold. Just help me up with it and you shall have half."

"Gladly!" cried Cousin Wolf. "How shall I help you?"

"Get into the empty bucket," said Mr. Fox.

Cousin Wolf thought only of the gold he should have. He quickly climbed up the side of the well and jumped into the empty bucket.

Cousin Wolf was heavier than Mr. Fox, so no sooner did he jump into the empty bucket than down, down, down it went, carrying Cousin Wolf with it.



Up, up, up came the other bucket with Mr. Fox in it. Cousin Wolf saw his mistake too late! When Mr. Fox reached the top of the well, Cousin Wolf was down at the bottom!

Mr. Fox sprang quickly out of the bucket.

“Next time don’t be so greedy, Cousin Wolf!” he called. “Good-by! here comes the farmer,” and Mr. Fox was off like a shot, leaving greedy Cousin Wolf at the bottom of the old well!



ONLY TWO EYES

There was once a woman who had three daughters. The eldest daughter was called One Eye because she had only one eye. This eye was right in the middle of her forehead. The second daughter had two eyes like other people, and she was called Two Eyes. The youngest daughter was called Three Eyes. She had two eyes like her second sister, and one in the middle of her forehead like One Eye.

Because Two Eyes had only two eyes and looked just like other people, her mother and sisters did not like her.

"You do not belong to us," they would say.
"We do not want you around."

They beat her and pushed her about. They made her wear all their old clothes. She had to eat the scraps that were left from their table or go without food.

Every day Two Eyes had to go out to the fields and take care of the goats. She was given a crust of bread to take with her for her dinner. As she had only the scraps for her breakfast, she was often very hungry.

One morning she started off for the fields without even a crust. There had been none left for her. About noon she was so hungry that she began to cry.

"Why are you crying, little Two Eyes?" she heard a voice say. She looked up and saw *a little old woman* standing before her.

"Ah," said Two Eyes, "I cannot help crying. My mother and sisters hate me because I have two eyes like other people. They push me about and beat me. They make me wear their old clothes. They give me nothing to eat but the crusts of bread and the scraps that are left from the table, and so I am always hungry. To-day there was not even a crust left. I have had nothing, and I am so hungry!"

"You poor child!" said the old woman. "Dry your eyes and I will tell you something to do so that you need never go hungry again. You have only to whisper to your smallest goat,

'Little goat, if you're able,
Pray set out my table,'

and there will be a pretty little table before you. It will be covered with all kinds of good things for you to eat.

"Eat as much and as long as you wish, and when you have had enough you need only say,

'Little goat, when you're able,
Kindly take away the table,'

and the table will disappear."

Little Two Eyes looked over toward the smallest goat, and when she looked around again, the little old woman had disappeared.

"I shall try what the kind old woman has told me," thought Two Eyes. "I only hope it is true."

Two Eyes went over to the smallest goat and whispered,

"Little goat, if you're able,
Pray set out my table."

Hardly had she finished speaking when a beautiful little table stood before her. It was covered with a snow-white cloth. A silver knife, fork, and spoon lay beside a pretty china plate.

And oh, what a good, hot dinner there was! The steam was coming from it as if it had *just been* cooked. How Two Eyes did enjoy it!



When she had finished she whispered to the little goat,

“Little goat, when you’re able,
Kindly take away the table,”

and in the twinkling of an eye the table and everything upon it disappeared.

In the evening, when Two Eyes went home with the goats, she found the dish of scraps that her sisters had left for her, but she did not eat the scraps.

The next morning Two Eyes went away with the goats, leaving the crust that her mother had left for her. Every day, now, the little goat gave Two Eyes her dinner.

After a time the sisters saw that Two Eyes did not eat anything at home.

"She must be getting her dinner somewhere else," said the mother. "We will watch her and find out about this."

The next morning One Eye said to little Two Eyes, "I am going out to the fields with you to-day."

Two Eyes knew just why her sister wanted to go out to the fields with her, but she said nothing.

When noonday came, One Eye ate the nice lunch her mother had given her. Two Eyes drove the goats into the long grass and called to One Eye, "When you have finished your lunch, come over and sit down here upon the *cool grass* and I will sing to you."

One Eye was very glad to hear Two Eyes sing, for Two Eyes had a beautiful voice, so when she had finished her lunch, she went over and sat down upon the cool grass beside her sister.

Then Two Eyes sang her sweetest songs. Soon she saw that One Eye was almost asleep. Then she sang,

"Are you asleep, little One Eye?
Are you awake, little One Eye?
Awake, asleep, awake, asleep?
Asleep, asleep, asleep?"

The one little eye at last closed tightly and One Eye was fast asleep.

Then Two Eyes whispered to her goat,

"Little goat, if you're able,
Pray set out my table."

She ate and drank very quickly, and when she had finished she whispered,

"Little goat, when you're able,
Kindly take away the table."

The table disappeared as quick as a wink.

Then Two Eyes woke up One Eye.

"You are a fine one to watch goats, One Eye," she said. "While you are asleep they might run all over the field. Come, let us go home."

That night Two Eyes again left the scraps upon the supper table.

"Where does Two Eyes get her dinner, One Eye?" asked her mother. "You see she has not taken the scraps."

"I cannot tell," answered One Eye. "I was so tired after my lunch that I fell asleep out in the fields."

"To-morrow, then, we will send Three Eyes," said the mother. "She, with her three bright eyes, will not go to sleep."

So the next morning, as Two Eyes was about to drive the goats to the fields, Three Eyes called: "Wait a moment, Two Eyes. I am going with you to-day."

Little Two Eyes knew why, so when noonday

came and Three Eyes sat down to eat her nice lunch, Two Eyes again drove the goats into the long grass.

"When you have finished your lunch, Three Eyes," she called, "come over and sit down upon the cool grass and I will sing to you."

Three Eyes too liked to hear Two Eyes sing, so when she had finished her lunch she went over and sat down upon the cool grass beside her sister.

Then Two Eyes sang her prettiest songs. Soon Three Eyes began to nod. She was almost asleep. Then Two Eyes sang,

"Are you asleep, little Three Eyes?
Are you awake, little Three Eyes?"

Then, without thinking, she sang,

"Are you asleep, little Two Eyes?
Are you awake, little Two Eyes?
Awake, asleep, awake, asleep?
Asleep, asleep, asleep?"

Then she looked and thought that Three Eyes

was asleep, for her eyes were tightly closed. But Three Eyes was not asleep. The one little eye in the middle of her forehead was still awake. When Two Eyes had sung without thinking, "Are you asleep, little Two Eyes?" then, "Are you awake, little Two Eyes?" of course only two eyes had gone to sleep.

Two Eyes did not know this. She did not know that the one eye in the middle of Three Eyes' forehead was watching everything that she did.

Little Two Eyes went over to her smallest goat and whispered,

"Little goat, if you're able,
Pray set out my table."

Two Eyes ate and drank very quickly of the good things that were upon the table. Then she whispered,

"Little goat, when you're able,
Kindly take away the table."

In the wink of an eye the table disappeared.

Two Eyes woke up Three Eyes, and soon it was time for them to go home.

Three Eyes told her mother all that had happened out in the fields.

"We will kill that goat," said the cruel mother, "then Two Eyes will have no better food than we have," and she killed the goat that set the table for Two Eyes.

When Two Eyes saw this she went out into the fields, crying as if her heart would break.

"Why are you crying, little Two Eyes?" It was the voice of the old woman.

Two Eyes looked up and saw her. "My mother has killed the dear little goat that set the table for me," she sobbed.

"Never mind," said the old woman. "Dry your tears and do as I tell you. Go home and ask your sisters to give you the little goat's heart. Take it and bury it in the ground in front of the house door."

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Two Eyes ran quickly home. "Dear sister," said she, "please give me the heart of the little goat."

"So long as you don't want anything else, you may have it," said the sister.

In the evening, when the others had gone to bed, Two Eyes buried the heart in the ground in front of the house door.

The next morning One Eye awoke first. She *went to the window*. "Mother," she called,

"come and see what stands before our door!" In front of the door stood a beautiful tree. It had leaves of silver and apples of gold.

None knew how the tree came there except Two Eyes. She knew that it had grown from the heart of the little goat, but she kept the secret.

"One Eye," said the mother, "climb up and get me some of the apples from the tree."

One Eye quickly climbed up the tree. She put out her hand to reach for an apple, but the branch sprang away from her hand. Do what she would, try as she might, she could not get one.

"Come down and let Three Eyes get them," said the mother. "Perhaps with her three eyes, she can see them better."

Three Eyes climbed up the tree, but she could do no better than One Eye. She could not even reach a leaf, and at this the mother grew very angry.

"What my daughters cannot do, I shall do!"

she cried, and she climbed up the tree herself. But she no sooner reached for an apple than it sprang away from her hand.

"May I try?" asked Two Eyes. "Perhaps I can get one."

"You, indeed!" said her sisters. "What can you do with only your two eyes?"

But Two Eyes climbed quickly up the tree, and no sooner did she reach for the golden apples than they fell into her lap.

Now it happened that while they were under the tree, a king's son rode by. He saw the beautiful tree and rode toward the house.

"Come down from the tree and hide! quick!" said the mother to Two Eyes. The little girl quickly climbed down from the tree.

"Get under the tub over there and hide!" said the sisters. They pushed Two Eyes under the tub and the golden apples with her.

The prince rode up to the house door.

"Who owns this beautiful tree?" he asked.

"I should be happy if I had but one of its silver leaves."

"The tree belongs to us, and we will gladly give you a golden apple as well as a silver leaf," answered the mother.

She sent One Eye up into the tree first, but not an apple nor a leaf could One Eye get. Then Three Eyes climbed the tree, but she could do no better.

"If the tree belongs to you," said the prince, "why can you not pick the apples?"

At this moment Two Eyes, who was very angry because her mother had not told the truth, rolled one of the golden apples out from under the tub. It rolled to the prince's feet.

"Where does this come from?" he asked.

"Oh, our other sister is under the tub," said the two sisters. "She has only two eyes like other people, so we do not like to have anyone see her. We made her hide under the tub when we saw you coming."



"Come out, little Two Eyes!" called the prince, and Two Eyes crept out from under the tub.

"Can you break off a leaf from this tree for me?" asked the prince.

"Indeed I can," answered Two Eyes, "for the tree belongs to me." She climbed up the tree and broke off a branch with its silver leaves and golden apples.

"Ah, little Two Eyes, what shall I give you for this?" asked the prince.

"Only take me away!" cried Two Eyes. "Take me away from my mother and sisters, who beat me and starve me. Then I shall be happy."

The prince took Two Eyes up on his horse and rode away with her to his palace.

"Now the tree will belong to us," said the sisters. "We can look at it even if we cannot get the apples." But the next morning, when the sisters went to look at the beautiful tree, it had disappeared.

When Two Eyes awoke that same morning she found that her silver tree had followed her and was growing outside the palace window.

When little Two Eyes grew up she married the prince and they lived happily ever after.

OLD JAN THE COBBLER

In a little old village far away in a land beyond the sea, there lived a little old shoemaker and his little old wife.

Everybody in the village called the little old man Old Jan the Cobbler. It seemed as if he had always been old. It seemed as if he had always been in the little old village.

Old Jan had made tiny soft shoes for the little babies. When they had grown old enough to go to school, he had made their strong, heavy school shoes. When they had grown to be men and women, he had made their fine, soft leather shoes and their soft kid dancing slippers. Now some of them were old men and women, and Old Jan the Cobbler was still making shoes for them.

But even though he had made all these shoes, Old Jan was not rich. Indeed, he was very poor, *for when* anyone came into his little shop to

have a pair of shoes made, Old Jan would take only a few pennies over what the leather had cost him. He gave his work for almost nothing.

In this way he became so poor that at last he had only just enough leather left to make one more pair of shoes.

"Well, wife," said Old Jan one evening, "after all these years of hard work we have come in our old days to nothing. This is the last piece of leather I have, and there is no money to buy more."

The old couple were sitting in their little shop that had once been the parlor of their little old house. Old Jan, in cap and leather apron, was sitting before his workbench, while his little old wife, seated in a rocker before the small fire that kept the little shop warm, was busily knitting a pair of warm woolen stockings for her husband.

She dropped her knitting and turned quickly toward Old Jan as he spoke.



“Is that all there is left?” she cried. “Oh, Jan, what shall we do? We are both too old to seek other work; indeed, no one would hire us. What shall we do? Oh, to think that we must starve in our old days!” and the poor little old woman began to cry bitterly.

“Never mind; don’t cry, wife,” said Old Jan,

and he got up from his workbench and went to comfort his little old wife. "Don't cry! A way will be found. I have not given all these years of honest work for nothing. Something is sure to happen to help us out of our trouble. We will hope for the best."

Then Old Jan went back to his workbench. He cut out a pair of shoes from his last piece of leather and laid them upon the bench, ready to be made the first thing in the morning. Then he and his wife went to bed.

Poor little old couple! they were both too proud to ask their neighbors for help. Yet their neighbors would gladly have helped them, for everybody loved Old Jan the Cobbler and his little old wife.

Early the next morning, almost before the sun was up and there was light enough to see, Old Jan arose and went into his little shop.

What was his surprise to find the pair of shoes that he had cut out the night before

lying upon his workbench, all finished and beautifully made! Old Jan rubbed his eyes.

"Am I still asleep and dreaming?" he cried. But, no! for there were the finished shoes upon his workbench.

He took them up in his hands and felt of them here and there. What wonderful work! What beautiful seams, so finely and firmly stitched!

"Wife, wife!" he called, "come and see what wonder work is this!"

"Who could have done it?" said his wife, as she looked at the beautiful shoes. "No one in the village could have stitched such fine, firm seams. Who could have done it?"

Old Jan shook his head. "I don't know," he said. "Perhaps a way has been found," and he carefully placed the wonderful shoes in the show window of his little shop.

Many of the village folk passed Old Jan's house that day, and each and all stopped to look *at the shoes* that had been placed so carefully

in the show window of his little shop. They looked and nodded and spoke to one another.

"Old Jan is doing better work than ever," they said. "How beautifully those shoes are made! How finely and firmly the seams are stitched!"

Soon a customer came into the little shop. "Those are very fine shoes you have in the window, Old Jan," said he. "If they fit me, I'll buy them and pay you well for them."

Old Jan carefully lifted the wonderful shoes from the show window and brought them to the customer.

The shoes fitted the man exactly; indeed, they fitted him as if they had been made just for him. He was so pleased with the shoes that he paid Old Jan twice as much money as he had asked for them.

With this money the old cobbler bought leather enough to make two pairs of shoes. He cut out the shoes in the evening and laid them

upon his workbench ready to be made the first thing in the morning. But when he arose and went into the little shop the next morning, he found the two pairs of shoes all finished and beautifully made!

"Someone is surely helping us out in our old days," said Old Jan. "Surely a way has been found." Then he carefully placed the two pairs of shoes in the window of the little shop.

Before the day was over the shoes were sold. Strange to say, they had fitted exactly the two customers who had come into the shop to buy them, and so pleased were these men with the shoes that they had paid Old Jan twice as much money as he had asked for them.

Old Jan now bought leather enough to make four pairs of shoes. He cut them out in the evening and laid them upon his workbench as before, and in the morning there were the four pairs of shoes all finished and ready to sell.

This went on for some time. Each night the



old cobbler would cut out the shoes, and each morning he would find them ready to put in the show window. It was not long before the old couple were living in comfort again.

"I should like to know who is so good to us," said Old Jan, as he and his little old wife sat by their cozy fire one evening.

"We can very easily find out who is helping us," answered his wife. "To-night cut out the shoes and put them upon the bench as you have

always done. Then, instead of going to bed, let us hide behind the curtain, and in that way we shall see who these good people are."

So Old Jan cut out a pair of shoes and laid them upon his workbench. Then he and his wife hid behind the curtain and waited.

Just as the clock struck twelve the door of the little shop opened. Into the room, without a sound, came two tiny elves. They were shivering and shaking with the cold, for what clothes they had on were all in rags.

They softly tiptoed over to the fire, which was still burning brightly, and put out their tiny hands to warm them.

"The Good People!" whispered Old Jan to his wife, his eyes round with wonder. "The Good People from the caves in the mountains!"

The elves quickly and quietly went to the workbench and took up the shoes that Old Jan had cut out. They worked without a sound *and so quickly* that you could hardly see their

fingers. Stitch, stitch, stitch! the needles fairly flew over the seams. Almost before the old couple had a chance to see them at work, the elves had finished the shoes and were gone!

"Do you remember when we were children how the old people used to tell of the elves that lived in the caves up in the mountains?" said Old Jan, as they came from behind the curtain.

"Yes," said his wife. "I remember hearing my grandmother say that the Good People often came down to the village to help the poor. But no one has seen them since then, and I thought that they had gone to other lands long ago."

"It seems not," said Old Jan. "They were down in the village that night when I cut out what I thought was my last pair of shoes."

"Oh, the dear, kind Good People!" said his wife. "How they have helped us!"

"I wonder if there is any way in which we can help them?" said Old Jan.

"Yes, I think there is," said his wife. "Did

you see how they shivered with the cold when they came in, and how ragged their clothes are? I shall make each of them a suit of clothes."

"I'll make them some shoes!" said Old Jan.

So the next day the grateful old couple went to work, and by evening the two suits of clothes and the two pairs of shoes were ready. Old Jan put them upon the bench where he had always put the shoes. Then he and his wife hid behind the curtain and waited for the elves.

At midnight the door of the shop opened and the elves softly tiptoed into the room. They went to the fire to warm themselves as before, then hurried over to the workbench.

Nothing was to be seen but the two pairs of shoes and the little suits of clothes. The elves looked at each other and wrinkled their tiny brows. Then one little man picked up the coat of one of the suits. He tried it on. It fitted him exactly! The other little elf tried *on the other* coat. That too was just right!

Then the little men understood. Off came their ragged clothes, and in a twinkling they had put on the new clothes and shoes.

How happy they were! They danced and sang about the little shop.

Just then the old couple peeped out from the curtain. The elves saw them. "Thank you, kind people!" they sang, and then they danced out of the little old shop and were never seen again. But Old Jan and his little old wife never wanted for money so long as they lived.



ALWAYS IN LUCK

Hans had been a good servant to his master. For seven years he had worked faithfully and well. In all that time he had not once had the chance to go home and see his mother.

Now, at the end of the seven years, he was homesick.

"Pay me what you think is best, master," he said. "Pay me and let me go home. I am homesick for a sight of my dear old mother."

"You have been a good servant, Hans," said his master. "You have worked faithfully and well. Take this gold as your pay. You have more than earned it," and he gave Hans a lump of gold as big as his head.

"Thank you, master, and good-by," said Hans. Then he tied the lump of gold up in his handkerchief, slung it over his shoulder, and walked off down the road that led to the *village* where his mother lived.

It was a summer day and very warm. As Hans walked along in the hot sun, he was thinking of the wonderful things he should buy for his mother with the lump of gold. It grew warmer and warmer. Hans began to feel the weight of the lump of gold on his shoulder.

About noonday he could stand it no longer. He sat down on a stone by the roadside to rest. His back and shoulders ached.

Down the road came a man riding a fine black horse. A great cloud of dust rose as the horse came trotting along.

"Oh, if I only had that horse," thought Hans, "how happy I should be!"

The man rode up to Hans and stopped.

"Hello, boy!" said he. "It's a pretty warm day to-day, isn't it?"

"Yes," said Hans, "and I'm warmer than the day, for I've been walking in the hot sun since morning with this heavy lump of gold on my shoulder."

"Lump of gold!" cried the man. "Where did you get it?"

"It's my pay for my seven years' work," said Hans. "My master paid me, and I'm on my way home to see my mother."

"Have you much farther to go?" asked the man.

"Yes, a good ten miles and more," answered Hans, "and I don't like walking in this heat."

"Why not take my horse?" said the man. "He will carry you home in no time."

"I was thinking of that as you came along the road," said Hans.

"I'll tell you what I'll do," said the man. "This is a very fine horse. I paid a good price for him, but since you are such a fine-speaking lad, I'll trade him with you for your lump of gold. That's fair, isn't it?"

"Indeed, it is more than fair," said Hans.

The man got down from his horse. Hans untied his handkerchief, took out the big lump of gold, and gave it to the man.



"Oh, how happy I am!" said Hans. The man handed the reins to Hans and then walked off down the road as quickly as he could with the lump of gold that meant to Hans seven years of hard work.

Hans jumped quickly upon the horse's back.

"Get up!" cried he. "Get up! get up!" and he gave the reins a quick pull.

Now, this horse was used to a very gentle hand upon the reins, so when he felt the quick pull that Hans gave, he sprang forward with a jerk.

Over the horse's head went Hans. Rolling and tumbling, he landed in the ditch by the roadside. The ditch was half full of water and mud, which was very lucky for Hans. If he had landed on the hard earth, he surely would have had some bones broken.

He picked himself up, all covered with mud, and watched the horse as it ran down the road in a cloud of dust. Then he limped slowly along, down the road after the horse.

The horse ran on for a little way, then hearing no one coming after him, and all tired out with running, he stopped and began quietly feeding along the roadside.

Hans limped up to the horse just as a man leading a cow by the horns came around a *bend in the road*.

"Hello, boy!" called the man. "What's the matter with you? Did your horse throw you?"

"Yes," said Hans, "he tossed me into the ditch back on the road a bit."

"It's easy to see that he's no horse for you to ride," said the man. "In the first place, I can tell by the way he plants his forefeet that he's what I call a balky horse. In the second place, he's too high a horse for you to ride, and, in the third place, he's no horse at all, but only an old nag fit for the tanyard."

"Oh, dear!" cried Hans, "what shall I do with him, then? He is really of no use to me at all. Now if I only had a cow, I should have something worth while," and Hans looked longingly at the cow that stood patiently waiting by the roadside.

"Well, I'll tell you what I'll do," said the man. "You've had trouble enough, and I'm sorry for you. I'll trade my cow with you for your old nag. I may get a little money for him."

"But you are too good!" cried Hans.

"What do you say?" asked the man. "Shall we trade?"

"Gladly!" said Hans. Then the man jumped upon the horse's back and rode quickly down the road out of sight as Hans led the cow by the horns back around the bend in the road toward the village where his mother lived.

"Only think of the fresh milk and cream we shall have every day," said Hans to himself, "and think of the fresh butter and cheese that mother will make! Luck is surely with me to-day."

Just then a happy thought struck Hans. Why not have some of that fresh milk now? He was very hot and thirsty, anyway.

So Hans led the cow off to one side of the road, took off his cap, and knelt down beside the cow.

"Moo-oo!" said the cow, and up went her *hind leg*. Bumpety, bump! and for the second



time that day Hans found himself rolling and tumbling in the ditch by the roadside.

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed a voice, "what are you trying to do with that old cow?"

Hans, once again all covered with mud, got slowly to his feet and looked about him.

On the other side of the road stood a man. In a wheelbarrow he had a pig that he was taking to the butcher in the next town.

"I was trying to milk a capful of fresh milk from my cow," said Hans, "when up went her hind leg and she tumbled me into the ditch."

"And she'd do the same thing again!" said the man. "Why, she's too old to give milk any more. She is fit only for beef. She should have been taken to the butcher long ago."

"Oh, dear!" said Hans, "and I thought I was going to have such fresh cream and butter and cheese. What shall I do with her now? Oh, I wish I had a pig like yours. That would be something worth while."

"Well, I'll tell you what I'll do," said the man; "you seem to be such a fine-speaking lad, I'll trade my pig with you for your beef cow."

"Oh, will you?" cried Hans. "Well, I surely am in luck to get rid of that old cow."

"You may as well take the wheelbarrow too," said the man. "You never could drive the pig down the road alone."

"*Thank you, from the bottom of my heart!*"

said Hans. Then he took up the wheelbarrow and went along with the pig, while the man drove the cow off on another road.

"Luck is surely with me to-day," thought Hans, as he walked slowly along. "How happy mother will be! She has always wanted a pig. Now she will have one. We'll feed it until it is big and fat, and then in the fall we'll kill it. How we shall enjoy a boiled ham for our Thanksgiving dinner! And the sausages and bacon! Oh, the fat sausages and bacon that we shall have for our Sunday morning breakfasts! M-m!" and Hans smacked his lips at the very thought.

Down the road came a farmer's boy whistling as he went along. Under his arm he carried a fine fat goose. He stopped and looked closely at Hans and at the pig in the wheelbarrow.

"I don't want to frighten you, boy," said he, "but back in the town where I came from, all the people are talking about a farmer's pig

that has been stolen. Your pig looks very much like the one that has been stolen."

"Oh, does it?" cried Hans, in a frightened voice. "But it really is n't."

"That may be," said the farmer's boy; "however, all the people from the town are coming out this way to look for the pig. I'm afraid if they see your pig they will think it is the farmer's pig, and they'll put you in jail for stealing it."

"Oh, dear!" cried Hans, "what shall I do? What shall I do?"

"I'll tell you what," said the farmer's boy, "I'll give you my fine fat goose and I'll take the pig. I know the country around here, so I can go across fields and through woods to another town where I can soon get rid of the pig. What do you say, shall we trade?"

"Oh, gladly," said Hans, "for I don't want to go to jail." Then the farmer's boy gave the *fat goose to Hans* and took the pig and the



wheelbarrow. Off he pushed the wheelbarrow, across the fields and through the woods, whistling as he went along.

Happy once more, Hans started off down the road toward the village where his mother lived. With the goose under his arm he walked along with a light heart.

"How lucky I am to be rid of that pig!" he thought. "To be sure, there will be no boiled ham for our Thanksgiving dinner and no sausages and bacon for our Sunday morning breakfasts, but we can kill the goose for our Thanksgiving, and we shall have goose fat to spread on our bread for many a day. After all, I really think mother too will be just as well pleased with the goose," and Hans walked happily on.

Late in the afternoon he came to the village where his mother lived. Coming toward him was a scissors grinder, ringing a bell and singing merrily,

"Scissors to grind!

Knives to grind!

Scissors to grind, I say!"

Hans stopped and spoke to the scissors grinder. "That's a fine bell you are ringing, and a merry song you are singing," said he.

"*Why* should I not be merry," answered the

scissors grinder, "when by ringing my bell and singing my song I always have money in my pocket? But tell me, where did you get your fat goose?"

"Oh, I traded my pig for it," answered Hans.

"And the pig?" asked the scissors grinder.

"Why, I traded my old cow for that," said Hans, "and a good trade it was."

"But where did you get the cow?"

"I traded an old nag for her when he threw me into a ditch," said Hans.

"And where did the nag come from?"

"Why, I traded a lump of gold as big as my head for the nag," answered Hans.

"Where did you get the gold?" asked the scissors grinder.

"That was my pay for seven years of work," said Hans.

"Well, well! you are certainly very clever at making a trade," said the scissors grinder.

"Now a clever lad like you ought to be like

me. You ought to be a scissors grinder and always have money in your pocket."

"And that's what I'd like to be," said Hans, "but how am I to go about it?"

"I'll tell you how," said the scissors grinder, "but I would n't tell everybody. You're such a clever lad, I'd like to see you as happy as I am. I have a grindstone here that I don't use. I'll give it to you for the goose you have under your arm. What do you say, shall we trade?"

"Gladly!" cried Hans, and he took the grindstone and gave the fat goose to the scissors grinder.

"Now," said the man, "all you have to do is to go through a town singing,

'Scissors to grind!

Knives to grind!

Scissors to grind, I say!'

and the money will fairly roll into your *pocket*. Here's another stone that I'll give



you for good luck. It will do very well to sharpen rusty blades upon," and picking up a common gray stone from the roadside, the scissors grinder handed it to Hans.

"Thank you," said Hans, "and good-by"; and carrying the two stones, he walked on down the village road toward his mother's cottage.

By the roadside stood an old well. Hans went over to it, laid the two stones carefully down, and reached into the well for the full bucket of water.

As he drew up the bucket his foot slipped, the bucket struck the stones, and over into the well they dropped.

"Well," said Hans, "there goes the money that I'll always have in my pocket. But luck is with me anyway. Those stones were just beginning to feel too heavy, and my shoulders were just beginning to ache. Now I'm free! I have nothing at all to bother me. Luck has surely been with me to-day."

Then, with empty pockets and a light heart, he walked happily on to his mother's cottage.



JACK AND THE BEANSTALK

I

There was once a boy named Jack. He lived with his mother in a poor little house at the very end of a village.

Jack's father had died when Jack was a very little boy. Now they were very poor, so poor that often they did not have enough to eat.

They had a cow that gave them milk. Jack's mother made butter and cheese from the milk, and Jack sold them in the town. In this way the cow kept them from starving.

It was the spring of the year. All the hay they had had for the cow had been eaten through the long, cold winter. It would be quite a while before the grass would grow long enough for the cow to be put out to pasture.

"Jack," said his mother, "we have no more hay to feed the cow. We must sell her or she will starve. The money that we get for her



will keep us until I can find work. Drive her to town and get as much as you can for her."

So Jack tied a rope to one of the cow's horns and started off for the town. On the way he stopped at a brook to let the cow drink.

"Hello, boy," said a voice, "where are you going with that old cow?"

Jack looked up and saw an old, old man sitting under a tree by the roadside. At the old man's feet lay an old brown leather bag.

"My cow is not old," said Jack; "she is young and gives good rich milk and butter. I'm going to the town to try to sell her."

"What do you want for her?" asked the old man.

"As much as I can get," answered Jack.

"What do you say to a capful of these fine red beans?" asked the old man, and from the old brown leather bag he took a handful of red beans and showed them to Jack.

Jack had never seen such beans before. They were three times as big as those his mother cooked, and, oh, what a beautiful color!

"That will be fine," said Jack. "You are surely very good to give me a whole capful of them for the cow."

Jack never thought of the money that they needed so badly at home. He gave the cow to the old man, and the old man filled Jack's cap full of the beautiful red beans.

Taking his capful of beans Jack walked

proudly home. The old man quickly led the cow off toward the town.

"Mother! mother!" shouted Jack, as he came near the house, "see what I got for the old cow;" and he showed his mother the capful of beans.

"Oh, Jack!" cried his mother, "how could you, when you know how much we need money! . What shall we do? The cow is gone, and there will be no more butter and cheese to sell. There is nothing but a capful of beans," and the poor woman began to cry.

"Don't cry, mother dear," said Jack, for he was a very good boy and thought that he had done the best that he could by selling the cow for those beautiful beans.

"Don't cry," said Jack, "and I will run to town and see if I can catch the old man before he sells the cow to someone else."

Away ran Jack toward the town. He reached it at last, but no one along the way had *seen either the old man or the cow.*

Jack went sadly home, wondering what he could do to help his mother. It was quite dark when he reached home. His mother had gone to bed.

"Eat the porridge that's on the table," she called to him, "and then come to bed." She did not ask about the cow. She knew that if Jack had found the old man, he would have told her about it the moment he came in.

Jack ate his porridge and then made ready for bed. On a kitchen chair he saw the capful of beans. "I may as well throw them away," he thought. "They are of no use," and opening the kitchen window, he threw the beans out.

Then he went to bed.

He was awake bright and early the next morning, even before his mother. He dressed quickly and went into the kitchen to build the fire for his mother.

How dark the kitchen was! Perhaps the shutters were closed. He went to the window and looked out. There, right up against the

windowpane was a great leaf, and another, and another! Jack ran to the kitchen door and opened it. Outside the sun was shining. It was day!

Around to the kitchen window Jack ran, and then he understood. The beans that he had thrown out the night before had taken root. A great vine had grown up, up into the sky. Jack turned his head this way and that to see if he could see the top of the vine, but no, — it reached away up into the clouds!

"Mother," he called, "come and see this wonderful vine that has grown up from the beans I threw out last night."

His mother was almost afraid when she saw the great, high vine. "Jack," said she, "they must have been fairy beans."

"I'm going to climb up to the top, mother," said Jack.

"You'd better not," said she. "You may fall *and kill yourself*. Then what should I do?"



"Oh, I'll be careful, mother. I'll hold on tightly every step of the way. Do look here, mother! the vine has put out branches, one above the other, to form a ladder. I can climb up very easily." Up he sprang, hand over hand, and in a moment he was far out of sight.

It seemed to Jack as if he had climbed a mile, away up into the clouds. All at once

he found that he could climb no more. He had reached the top.

He looked about him. Such a beautiful country he had never seen before. The grass looked fresh and green, and pretty flowers grew all about. Jack had never seen any so beautiful down upon the earth.

Far off he saw a great castle. "I'll go to the castle and ask what land this is," thought Jack. He stepped from the top of the vine to the ground. The grass under his feet was as soft as velvet.

He walked quickly along and soon reached the castle. He had met no one on the way, and there was no one about the castle.

Jack knocked at the door of the great castle. No one answered. He knocked again and rattled the door knob. The door opened under his hand, and Jack walked in.

He walked through a long hall and through *room after room*, seeing no one. At last he

came to the kitchen, and there before the fire stood a woman, the tallest Jack had ever seen. She was so tall that Jack had to bend his head far back to look up into her face.

She looked down and saw Jack.

"What are you doing here?" she cried. "Don't you know that this is the castle of Graybeard, the greatest of all the giants? Get away, as fast as you can. If he comes home and finds you here, he will eat you at one mouthful!"

"But I am so hungry," said Jack. "I have come such a long way. Will you not give me a bite to eat and let me rest a while?"

"Well, here is a plateful of porridge and a cup of milk," said the giant's wife. "Eat as quickly as you can and then be off!" The giant's wife was kind and not at all like her husband.

Just as Jack was eating the last mouthful of porridge, he heard a dreadful noise. The



castle began to tremble and shake as if a great windstorm were blowing.

"Oh, what shall we do?" cried the giantess.
"Here comes my husband, the giant Graybeard!"

"Hide me somewhere," cried Jack. "It is too late for me to try to run away."

The giantess opened a great box that stood *in the corner* of the kitchen.



"Here, get into this feed box," said she, and she lifted Jack up as if he were a feather and dropped him gently into the box. Then she softly put down the cover.

She was only just in time, for at that moment in tramped Graybeard. Oh, what a terrible-looking man he was! Jack would surely have cried out if he had seen him. The great

voice of the giant was enough to frighten Jack and he crept into the farthest corner of the feed box.

"Ho, wife, where's my supper?" cried Graybeard. "Come, come! I'm hungry to-night. I could eat a whole flock of sheep."

"Supper is on the table," replied his wife. "All that you have to do is to sit down and eat it."

That was the time when Jack crept into the farthest corner of the big feed box. Graybeard looked quickly around. Then he roared,

"Fe, fi, fo, fum!
I smell the blood of an Englishman;
Be he live or be he dead,
I'll grind his bones to make my bread
Before I go to bed!"

"Oh, nonsense!" said his wife. "A bird flew over the house with a bone in its mouth. That's what you smell. Come and eat your *supper* before it gets cold."

Graybeard sat down at the table, grumbling and growling to himself. As for Jack, he wished himself safe at home with his mother.

The giant ate a huge supper. He ate enough to last you and me almost a month. There were two whole roasted sheep, a barrel of potatoes, boiled, two dozen heads of cabbage, two dozen loaves of bread, four pounds of butter, twelve gallons of milk, and three dozen apple pies! Graybeard surely liked apple pie.

It did not take Graybeard any longer to eat his huge supper than it would take you to eat a bowl of bread and milk.

"Ho, wife," called Graybeard, when he had eaten the last crumb of pie, "come, bring me my beautiful golden hen."

From another room the giantess brought her husband a little hen of pure gold. Graybeard put the hen upon the table in front of him.

"Lay, my pretty little golden hen, lay!" he said, and the hen laid an egg of pure gold!

Again and again Graybeard told the little hen to lay, and each time she laid an egg of pure gold.

Soon the giant began to feel sleepy. He yawned and stretched. His head began to nod lower and lower. By and by he began to snore. He was fast asleep!

Very quietly the giantess went to the feed box. She lifted the cover.

"Come out," she whispered softly to Jack, "but make no noise. Now is your chance to go home," and she helped Jack out of the box.

Jack almost cried out when he saw the terrible giant sitting at the table, but his eyes opened wide indeed when he saw the little hen and all the golden eggs.

"Oh, if I had that hen," whispered he, "mother and I would never go hungry again."

"You may have it if you can take it," said the giant's wife.

"Thank you," said Jack, "and good-by."



Jack had to climb upon a chair to reach the little hen. He quietly lifted her from the table, climbed down from the chair, and started for the door.

Jack had hardly reached the door, when the golden hen cried: "Master, master! someone is stealing me! Come and get me!"

Graybeard opened one sleepy eye and then the other, but that was as far as he got, for the

huge supper he had eaten made him so stupid and heavy that he could not move. He closed his eyes and went to sleep again.

As fast as his legs could carry him, and with the golden hen under his arm, Jack ran to the beanstalk. He stepped upon the top branch and then climbed quickly down.

Into the house he ran as fast as he could go, calling, "Mother, mother! see what I have brought from the giant's castle. We shall never be hungry again!" Then he set the golden hen upon the table in front of his mother.

"Lay, my pretty little golden hen, lay!" said Jack, just as he had heard the giant say it. To the great surprise of Jack's mother, the hen laid an egg of pure gold upon the table.

Jack and his mother could hardly sleep that night. They were full of joy to think that now they need want for nothing, although, at first, Jack's mother wanted him to take the hen back to the castle. However, when Jack told her that

the giantess had said he could have the little hen if he could take it, his mother was satisfied.

The next day Jack went to town and sold the golden eggs to a goldsmith for a good price. After that, whenever they needed money Jack would tell the little hen to lay, and at last his good mother was free from care.

II

The bean vine still grew in front of the kitchen window, and Jack watched it day by day. At last he could stand it no longer.

"I must climb up the great beanstalk again, mother," he said. "I must see what has become of the old giant and his wife."

"Don't go, Jack," said his mother. "We have plenty to live on now, and you may not get off so easily this time. The giant may be just waiting for you to come back."

However, Jack would go, so up he started. But it seemed harder to climb up the vine the

second time. The branches seemed to have grown so close together that Jack could hardly get his foot between them.

At last he reached the top of the vine. Before him lay the same wonderful, beautiful land. Far off he could see the tall chimney towers of the castle.

The castle seemed miles and miles away this time, and Jack was all tired out when he reached it.

He knocked at the castle door, and, as before, no one answered. He turned the knob and went in. Through the long hall and through room after room he walked, until he came to the kitchen. There, bending over the fire, cooking the giant's supper, he found the giant's wife.

She looked down and saw Jack. She was not quite sure who he was, for he had changed since his first visit.

"Are you the boy who was here once before?" she asked. Jack nodded his head.



"Ah," said the giantess, "you had better run home again as fast as you can go. When Gray-beard found that you had taken his golden hen, he swore that he would eat you if he ever caught you."

"I have come such a long way, and I am so hungry," said Jack; "if you would give me just

a glass of water and a piece of bread, I could be off before Graybeard comes home."

"Well, hurry then," said the kind-hearted giantess, and she gave him the bread and water.

Jack was eating the last mouthful of bread, when he heard the dreadful thump! thump! of the giant's great feet coming down the hall.

"Quick! crawl into the oven!" cried the giantess, and she pushed Jack into the great oven and shut the door, just as Graybeard came tramping into the room.

Now, the oven was quite low, and Jack did not fit into it very well. He moved about to make himself more comfortable. Graybeard turned and looked quickly toward the oven. In his dreadful voice he roared,

"Fe, fi, fo, fum!

I smell the blood of an Englishman;

Be he live or be he dead,

I'll grind his bones to make my bread

Before I go to bed!"

"Oh, nonsense!" said his wife. "What's the matter now? That's only a bird, with a bone in its mouth, flying over the chimney. Come and eat before the supper gets cold."

The giant sat down to the table, grumbling and growling all the while. But when he had finished his huge supper to the last crumb of the wonderful apple pie that he liked so well, he felt so much better that he forgot all about the noise he had heard.

"Ho, wife," he cried, "bring me my beautiful golden harp."

From another room the giantess brought a beautiful harp of pure gold and put it on the table in front of Graybeard.

"Sing, my pretty little harp, sing!" said Graybeard, and the harp began to sing the sweetest music that Jack had ever heard. It sang song after song. By and by Graybeard's great head began to nod lower and lower. He began to snore. Graybeard was fast asleep!

Softly the giantess opened the great oven door. "Come," said she, "now is your chance to get away before Graybeard catches you."

"Ah," said Jack, "if I only had that harp, how happy I should be!"

"You may have it if you can take it," said the giantess.

"Oh, thank you, and good-by," said Jack, and he climbed upon a chair and took the harp from the table.

Jack climbed down and started for the door. But hardly had he reached it, when the harp cried out, "Oh, master! master! someone is stealing me!"

Graybeard woke up in a dreadful rage. Jack started to run with all his might. The giant started after him, but the huge supper he had eaten made him heavy and he could not run very fast.

Jack reached the beanstalk and began to climb down. As he reached the bottom of the



great stalk he looked up and saw Graybeard away up in the clouds at the top of the stalk.

Into the house, at one jump, went Jack for his ax. How fast he chopped! One, two, three, and the great beanstalk came tumbling down to the ground.

Jack thought that old Graybeard had come tumbling down, too, but though he looked carefully about, he could not find hide nor hair of the terrible giant.

Some people say that Graybeard had a chance to jump back to his own land before Jack cut the beanstalk down. They say, whenever it thunders, that that is Graybeard growling and grumbling because he cannot find a way down to the earth to get back his golden hen and his golden harp.

Indeed, some people say they have even seen his dreadful face looking down from the clouds when the lightning flashes across the sky.

But wherever he is, Jack never saw him again, and he never wanted to see him.

Jack and his mother bought a fine house in the town and lived happily ever after. The golden hen gave them all the gold they needed, and the sweet music of the golden harp made them both very happy.

They are still wondering about the old man who bought their cow. Jack thinks he was a fairy, who wanted to give him a chance to help his good mother out of her trouble.

REVIEW WORDS

NOTE. Many of the words in the following list have occurred in a different form either in this book or in the previous books of the series. The unknown part of the word has been underlined here. For example, the word "time" occurred in Book One; the unknown part of the word, the final s, has been underlined in the list of Book Four.

Page 9

weed

bee

pink

rose

Page 10

gently

floating

closed

waved

times

growing

smaller

Page 11

queer

sipped

dew

flower

sweep

hit

Page 12

Page 13

free

Page 14

saying

swaying

swinging

rosebush

swayed

stem

creeping

Page 15

pain

cutting

roses

Page 16

dreaming

Dream

Page 17

Thanksgiving

Day

gathering

nuts

bad

set

Page 18

month

sad

fix

hook

Page 19

chestnuts

digging

hickory

plenty

Page 20

kindly

bramble

Page 21

minute

having

picnic

Page 22

peanuts

carrots

stored

makes

Page 23

brambles

manage

Page 24 —	sparkle diamonds	Page 36 South budding rang <u>Wake</u> dream	mess agree
Page 25 lasted needed springtime	Page 31 sparkled Alas crash thousand pieces forgive wished	Page 37 robin stirred root stretched arms <u>Right</u>	Page 40 breaking there's
Page 26 hillside pine needles fluttered songs ugly	Page 32 break	Page 38 <u>Pretty</u> raindrops <u>Something</u> bud unfold	Page 41 dig underneath scraped broke
Page 27 seeing change touched wand changed	Page 33 rustled <u>Higher</u> rustling	Page 39 fish bear <u>Brother</u> string frozen ice <u>Should</u> yourself <u>Nothing</u> tastes	Page 42 — Page 43 patiently Nibble nibble Aha <u>Another</u> anyway
Page 28 sounded twinkled driving	Page 34 —		Page 44 —
Page 29 sunlight pure	Page 35 <u>Not</u> <u>Deep</u> pansy seed melt warmer <u>Spring</u> buds shoots beginning		Page 45 trotted growling angrily known trust tricky growled short
Page 30 bare someone glass			

Page 46

Left
lane
marched
Gander
His
Goose
goslings
marching
Straighten
Quickly
straighten
wishes
stepped
toes

Page 47

Marching
gosling
hurts
twisted
ankle
bushes
geese
cackle
fear

Page 48

grant
favor

Page 49

ourselves

row

fattest
Talk
carefully
tricks
placed
flapped
cackled
Louder
louder

Page 50

farmhouse
hi
fright

Page 51

forest
either
hoped
tender

Page 52

they 'll
fetch
servant
stronger

Page 53

return
satisfied
beating
howling

Page 54

trouble
nearly
pancakes
replied
frying
smelled

Page 55

swallowed
twinkling
shelf

Page 56

killing
pork
salted
tub
anyone

Page 57

small
also
enjoyed

Page 58

advise
empty
joy

Page 59

Ben
sacks
worn
spent

hitched

drag
donkey
earn
salt
working
driven
band

Page 60

panting
Hunter

Page 61

ordered
hunter

Page 62

mewing
Whiskers
drowned
Tabby
beautifully

crowing

Comb

Page 63

cooked
gladly

Page 64

settled

Page 65

Or
juicy

bone	beast	Page 73	Page 79
chew	<u>calling</u>	bold	—
shoe	kick	gurgled	Page 80
windows_	Page 69	Queen	<u>courtyard</u>
hut	Drake	Page 74	<u>Build</u>
tallest	tiniest	yourselves	blazing
men	<u>drake</u>	Page 75	crackling
<u>drinking</u>	penny	afterward	flow
hind	lazy	steps	Page 81
forefeet	spend	doorkeeper	<u>flowed</u>
Page 66	money	Page 76	itself
loudest	haste	He'll	swam
places_	borrow	joke	hall
brayed	lent	<u>Bring</u>	purple
barked	lend	rascal	Page 82
mewed	everyone	poultry	—
<u>crowed</u>	whether	turkeys_	Page 83
Page 67	<u>borrowed</u>	<u>Walk</u>	<u>knowing</u>
whatever	Page 70	sir	throne
yard	owes	followed	Page 84
<u>About</u>	begged	Page 77	Hurrah
<u>midnight</u>	<u>Make</u>	<u>Step</u>	<u>hurrah</u>
coals	Page 71	<u>pushed</u>	clapped
Page 68	ladder	<u>unkind</u>	crown
kicked	leaning	peck	<u>Long</u>
flung	Page 72	Page 78	ruled
terrible	Ducky	<u>Throw</u>	<u>shouting</u>
witch	<u>Certainly</u>	rage	Page 85
knife	sweetheart	seized	wells_
<i>stabbed</i>	<u>River</u>	narrow	grandmothers_

used	forehead	spoon	secret
iron	Eyes	china	Page 104
wheel	Page 92	plate	lap
chain	<u>Because</u>	steam	son
bucket	belong	enjoy	prince
sent	beat	Page 95	owns
Page 86	wear	—	Page 105
drop	given	Page 96	belongs
draw	crust	somewhere	truth
handle	noon	noonday	Page 106
heels	Page 93	Page 97	<u>Can</u>
Page 87	hate	<u>Awake</u>	Page 107
<u>Help</u>	crusts	<u>Asleep</u>	starve
Cousin	child	Page 98	married
pass	<u>Dry</u>	—	Page 108
Page 88	whisper	Page 99	village
eagerly	smallest	prettiest	land
meant	Pray	nod	beyond
Page 89	kinds	Page 100	sea
tumbled	Page 94	sung	Jan
half	<u>Kindly</u>	Page 101	Cobbler
<u>Gladly</u>	disappear	sobbed	women
heavier	disappeared	bury	kid
Page 90	hope	Page 102	slippers
shot	<u>Hardly</u>	buried	shop
Page 91	finished	<u>awoke</u>	Page 109
daughters	speaking	Page 103	pennies
eldest	cloth	silver	cost
daughter	fork	<u>None</u>	couple
<u>Eye</u>		grown	parlor

workbench	Page 113	<u>stitch</u>	<u>riding</u>
<u>seated</u>	customer	<u>fairly</u>	<u>dust</u>
<u>rocker</u>	<u>Those</u>	<u>Almost</u>	trotting
<u>busily</u>	fit	remember	Page 122
knitting	fitted	<u>hearing</u>	<u>Lump</u>
<u>woolen</u>	exactly	<u>lands</u>	miles
husband	pairs	Page 118	heat
Page 110	Page 114	shivered	price
seek	<u>Surely</u>	ragged	trade
hire	<u>Strange</u>	suit	<u>untied</u>
Page 111	customers	grateful	Page 123
comfort	Page 115	suits	<u>handed</u>
honest	<u>cobbler</u>	wrinkled	reins
bench	cozy	brows	Page 124
neighbors	To-night	Page 119	<u>forward</u>
<u>Yet</u>	Page 116	understood	jerk
loved	curtain	Page 120	<u>Rolling</u>
<u>arose</u>	elves	Hans	<u>ditch</u>
surprise	shivering	faithfully	leading
Page 112	shaking	homesick	bend
rubbed	rags	<u>Pay</u>	Page 125
seams	tiptoed	<u>earned</u>	<u>plants</u>
<u>finely</u>	brightly	lump	balky
firmly	hands	tied	nag
stitched	<u>People</u>	handkerchief	tanyard
<u>Wife</u>	caves	slung	use
firm	mountains	Page 121	worth
<u>Many</u>	Page 117	weight	longingly
folk	fingers	shoulders	Page 126
	Stitch	ached	cream

Luck	<u>Late</u>	Page 139	mouthful
knelt	<u>Coming</u>	gives	plateful
Page 127	scissors	beans	giant's
wheelbarrow	grinder	showed	Page 146
butcher	ringing	badly	tremble
Page 128	merrily	Page 140	windstorn
capful	Scissors	selling	giantess
she 'd	grind	sells	Hide
she 's	Knives	Page 141	box
beef	Page 133	sadly	Page 147
luck	pocket	wondering	tramped
Page 129	traded	opening	Page 148
boiled	clever	shutters	farthest
ham	lad	Page 142	Ho
sausages	Page 134	windowpane	Supper
bacon	_____	vine	blood
Sunday	Page 135	You 'd	Englishm
breakfasts	sharpen	Page 143	nonsense
smacked	common	form	Page 149
lips	cottage	mile	grumblin
whistling	Page 136	Page 144	roasted
arm	ache	castle	barrel
frighten	bother	velvet	potatoes
Page 130	pockets	rattled	dozen
jail	Page 137	knob	loaves
stealing	named	Page 145	pounds
Page 131	died	Graybeard	gallons
Happy	feed	greatest	pies
Page 132	Page 138	giants	pie
spread	Drive	finds	bowl

crumb
Lay
Page 150
Again
yawned
lower
snore
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Master
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stupid

beanstalk
although
However
Page 153
goldsmith
harder
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towers
bending
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swore

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kind-hearted
thump
crawl
moved
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forgot
harp
music
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——

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chopped
Page 160
thunders
lightning
flashes
thinks

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